TABOR MELODIES.

BY

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HAMILTON

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ERRATA.

Page	10,	7th	line,	should read "eddies bind."
"	10,	26th	"	" "influence lend."
"	13,	2nd	"	" "Toward."
"	13,	23rd	"	" "sappire."
"	24,	18th	"	" "dimming cloud."
"	24,	19th	"	" "though gathered."
"	25,	27th	"	" "thy."
"	32,	22nd	"	" "To."
"	35,	14th	"	" "light."
"	36,	7th	"	" "Cynthia."
"	36,	2nd	"	" "zone" instead of "shore."
"	40,	12th	"	" "power" instead of "time."
"	40,	2nd	"	" "its"
"	52,	7th	"	" "noon."
"	53,	17th	"	" 'songs."
"	55,	17th	"	shepherd's "robe" instead of "folds."
"	67,	12th	"	" "enwreathed."
"	73,	4th	"	" "dastards" instead of "bastards."
"	79,	27th	"	" "made" instead of "gave."
"	83,	25th	"	" "tempests."
"	109,	20th	"	" "this" instead of "a."
"	110,	18th	"	" "roll" instead of "rode."
"	112,	7th	"	" "pearls" instead of "perils."
"	119,	5th	"	" "sweet" instead of "sweep."
"	123,	17th	"	" "and elasticity."

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PREFACE.

THE OATEN REED.

THESE simple melodies like echoes flit ;
Yet list their passing notes along the mead,—
Life's soft warm breathings though an oaten reed.
Far from the groves where new-made laurels greet
The gifted muse, and rustle at her feet,
These woodland strains the shepherds only heed.
No passions revel here, no heroes bleed,
No muffled plots their horrors here repeat,
To cast their shadows on the multitude.
I am content, the fragrant Maythorn air
That fills with sweets the margin of the wood,
All hushed should listen to my carols here,—
Their mingling fall, soft as a gentle rain,
With dewlike drops would kiss the thirsty plain.

TABOR MELODIES.

MY WAYWARD MUSE.

AS when at dawn, the lark doth plume its wings,
Glancing o'er stream and mount to meet the blue,
And from its breast doth shake the morning dew,
Ere from earth's shadowed perch, it heavenward springs;
Then flutt'ring soars, and soaring sweetly sings,
But thinks now how or why it upward flew:
So, rapt in the wide landscape's op'ning view,
In all the hues and harmonies of things,
The tints of flowers, of woods, of ocean's sheen;
I too would give this universe a tongue.
To me a radiance rests upon the scene,
As of an iris o'er the hilltops flung,
Tempting the flight of this my wayward muse,
Whose restless wings are wet with nightly dews.

SPRING.

HAIL, thou sweet spirit of the coming spring!
I feel thy gentle influence everywhere;
Thou hast a thousand voices in the air;
For thee, the forests and the streamlets sing,
Which late were still 'neath winter's brooding wing,
And the dull earth herself, methinks, doth hear,
And smiles with promise of the plenteous year.
Thy quick'ning breath refreshes everything;
The valleys dream of thy bright robes of green;
The yellow crocus decks the streamlet's brink,
The modest violet tints its leaves unseen,
And, in the hues of evening, seems to sink.
This moving dust is conscious of the strife,
And every nerve of Nature thrills with life.

SPRING LEAVES.

SAW ye the living leafage of the spring,
What time the voices of the grove and dell
Their tender tale of love so sweetly tell?
Lo! the clear dewdrops there stood quivering,
As though on their own rays, they might take wing—
Like Nature's music over mead and rill;
And all the leaflets trembled on the hill
As if some tender tone, soft echoing,
Had lisped the name of each and sung its praise;
The beauty of its form, its mitred edge,
The vivid green it timidly betrays,
Its rustling ripple o'er the waving sedge,
And all the harmonies of light and shade
In which its virgin beauty was arrayed.

DAWN—A SKETCH.

ADOWN the golden plumage of the morn,
Spring's gentle breath is out upon the sea,
Checking its silver with the green and gray.
The cloud-wrapt ether, on the hilltops born,
Is softly blushing through its tresses torn ;
And leans anear to catch the minstrelsy
Of forest music, breathing fitfully
Through the dim woods that, at their edges, burn.
High on the shore-line, dashing on the beach,
The crested billows whiten into foam ;
And drop their crystals, where the pebbles bleach,
Far as the dazzled vision dares to roam ;
While, in the background, tower the ragged hills,
Fringed with pale woods and garrulous with rills.

MORNING.

THE morning gleams beneath the breathing skies
Like the dark petal of the magic rose
Which, 'neath the living breath, revives and glows.
Its dawning thrills us with a glad surprise
And sweetly wakes the woodland melodies.
The fair Aurora, lightly o'er her, throws
A purple robe that, round about her, flows ;
While night, from far with dazzled closing eyes—
As if once more, her beauty, to behold—
Peers backward through the liquid blue serene.
But, lo ! yon fleecy cloud unveils the scene
And gives the mount its canopy of gold ;
While herds of cattle crop the shadowy soil ;
And dew-dripped labour just begins its toil.

ECHO AT THE DAWN.

SOFT through the gates of morn, heaven's echo flowed,
And softer still morn's radiance, half divine,
Blends with its sound, and both in one combine.
I heard young echo's trembling notes when wooed;
The mountain nymph, her sweet confusion, showed,
And robed herself in light as doth the vine
When, on a sunbeam fair, it doth recline,
With all its sweetness round about it strowed.
Nymph of the answering voice, thyself unseen,
Where wouldst thou, wand'ring in the dewy dawn?
I know thou lov'st the lone lake's silvery sheen,
Or the deep dell where sleeps the sportive fawn—
And all things love thee, meditative maid,
Or when the roses bloom or when they fade.

THE WANDERING DAWN.

I HEAR her rustling step upon the hill;
In russet robe, her pilgrim staff she takes
To walk the darkened earth ere morn awakes.
And, though methinks she trembles 'mid the chill
Of the damp shadow that the night doth fill,
Her bright'ning smile upon the forest breaks
And silvers all the ripples that she makes
On stream or lake, as if she heard the trill
Of sweetest voices through the distant grove.
Hail, gentle pilgrim of the dewy shoon!
Say, hast thou lost the hope of earlier love
That, through the desert night, thou fleest the moon?
Hath thoughtless Cynthia played the cold coquette
That thou, with weeping footstep, wanderest not?

THE ZEPHYR.

NOW, doth the new-born zephyr of the lake
Strike with her downy wings its silvery sheen;
And o'er its ripples, shadowed all atween,
Her tiny feet are trembling as they take
Their steep lone way right up the leafy break—
Treading the grass-spears on the level green,
That bend in awe before the Fairy Queen
And ope their dewy eyelids for her sake.
Say, gentle zephyr, didst thou hear the voice
Of some sweet songster warbling to the dawn?
And art thou wand'ring of thine own sweet choice,
From the pure cloudless sapphire, hither drawn,
To soar perchance with morning's hymn of praise,
And blend its echoes with angelic lays?

THE SMITTEN BUBBLE.

AH! why so bright, fair bubble, since so frail?
Yet oh, thou art so like what I would be!
Thine earthly shrine so loosely held by thee
And yet so pure, when heaven's light doth fill,
It turns to light and seems invisible—
As if uplifted from life's troubled sea.
At once, like Enoch from this earth set free,
Its robes unrent 'mid sunset's clouds might sail;
Its crystal cincture thus on high might shine,
And ne'er be shattered by the touch of death.
Dread death dissolves the forms that we resign;
He mars the fairest work of God beneath;
The sin of Eden, like a refluent wave,
Smites down earth's fairest crystals to the grave.

GENIUS.

THE light of genius, like the solar fire,
Sets all the universe of thought ablaze;
And hides the stars in her superior rays.
Veiled in her queenly brightness, they retire,
Or when she speaks, or when she strikes her lyre—
Her lesser bards, who tune their noblest lays
To the true notes which celebrate her praise,
Proud if they may but worthily admire.
'Twas truth that forged and linked her golden chain
And flashed her light, that suffers no eclipse;
And nations bend to listen to her strain,
And conquered ages hang upon her lips.
Few, few shall climb her pyramid of light,
Or bind their temples with her wreath of might.

KEATS.

HOT, hissing envy, close that demon eye!
Why point the poisonous venom of earth's tongue
Where laureled genius pours her deathless song?
Thou saw'st sad Keats, whose spirit, with a sigh,
Drooped its tired wing within a grave to lie.
Those pallid lips of thine curled as they stung
That gentle soul with sorrow's clouds o'erhung.
Wert thou not warned in seeing genius die?
Ah, it were better that that lip were mute,
That those keen eyes were covered with a pall,
If they must shine to pierce the soul of truth
And watch to find occasion for its fall!
O think of Haman! let thine eyelids drop,
And sue for mercy if there still be hope!

MOUNTAIN PINES.

LIKE warriors all becalmed on battle's towers,
High on the mountain's verge, the pine trees stand,
Holding its heights as if by heaven's command.
There, 'neath the calm blue sky, that veils heaven's powers,
They laugh at ages as at passing hours.
At glow of dawn, the eagles there expand,
Their iron pinions for the distant strand ;
The lion, 'neath their length'ning shadow, comes.
The silent pines reck not their scream or roar,
Nor that the whole earth tremble in their sight,
When storms do bend that way their furious car
As the loud thunder tramps adown the night.
There Joshua-like their outstretched arms shall hold
At morn and eve the purple and the gold.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

ALL trembling faintly on my list'ning ear,
It comes, the full notes flowing to unite
Like far Eolian strains when heard at night.
As when the lark, 'mid sunlit splendors fair,
Warbles its notes amid the quiv'ring air,
And shakes them out to thrill us with delight—
Fanning heaven's crystal arches in our sight—
And in a silvery strain distinct and clear
Pours forth its song and still mounts up to heav'n ;
So, gentle Henry, to whose gifted muse
The strain Miltonian was so largely giv'n,
Thou dost ascend ; and thus thy numbers roll,
All cadenced earthward as of heavenly birth,
To charm through life's short hours the list'ning earth.

THE OCEAN SHEEN.

SHEEN of that sunlight, in whose amber haze
The glassy sea arrays itself at eve,
For whom dost thou such glowing tissues weave?
Would'st thou enshrine Narcissus in the blaze
Of his own beauty, 'mid its golden rays?
And, on his sapphire couch, thus inly cleave
The sadly pining heart, that thou wouldst grieve,
To mar with woe the remnant of his days?
Or, art thou envious of the upland scene
That skirts the margin of yon winding stream?
Of the springfields, all clothed in tender green,
Flushed by the op'ning blossom's earliest gleam?
And wouldst thou dazzle, with this cloth of gold,
The simple guardians of the flock and fold?

THE JETTEAU.

THE jetteau clear flings up its silvery shaft,
In silken tissue, flowing snowy white,
Curved like a lily op'ning to the light.
Methinks the nymphs, 'neath its corolla, quaffed
And glanced from out its waters as they laughed;
Then flung those crystals, sparkling thick and bright,
To veil their sportive revels from our sight
And hide from us the secrets of their craft.
Were I that sunbeam, in whose gladsome ray
The little elves are whispering all unheard,
Ah! I might bear some golden thought away
That, in their realm of gleams, alone is heard;
Or catch some strain of great Apollo's lute
To hold the passing hours in rapture mute.

THE RIVEN CLOUD.

I SAW the tempest-driven dark'ning cloud ;
Lo ! as it rushed impetuous on my sight,
Its loose torn kirtle kindled into light ;
And, as it lifted thus its riven shroud,
There lurked the prescient thunder couchant bowed,
And glanced from its red folds, and in its might
It shook the mountain summits from their height.
Zeus heard, and smiled paternally and proud ;
Till there the tender radiance of the morn
Shone through its deepest rift, like hope in death,
For death, his spectral shadow, lifts alone
O'er all our pathways as they close beneath ;
But hope impierces it to touch her goal
And gilds the crown that waits the parting soul.

THE RAINDROP.

I SAW a raindrop sparkle as it fell,
I heard its patter on the parchèd leaf.
Morn crowned with golden beams its season brief ;
Its tremulous gleaming crystal suited well
In those green bowers where beauty loves to dwell ;
A diamond were less welcome than the waif
That brought this thirsty spray such sweet relief,
And every fibre doth its virtues tell.
Are there not scorching deserts on life's plain
Where, 'neath noon's fervor, men lie down to die ?
Oh would that I were as this drop of rain,
To touch the hearts that wither where they lie !
Send me, O God, as thou the rain dost send
To glad those dewless flowers that earthward bend.

FRIENDSHIP.

GIVE me the true, inalienable friend
With soul too just, and of too noble, mind
To glance the thought or breathe the word unkind.
Two streams, that would in peace as one descend,
Must touch an equal plain before they blend;
While shallow sympathies untried and blind,
Like bubbling brooks in froth their eddies bind.
But worth and truth must to each other bend
Not in sharp angles, but in gentlest curve,—
A ceaseless gliding motion of their own,
From which the smallest dewfall will not swerve;—
And in the union blend two souls in one.
Such friends, like angels, to each other prove
In every act their inner thought is love.

THE MIRRORED FLOWERS—A SKETCH.

OUT on the winding woodland's shadowy slope,
The daisy found a lily, all besprent
With morning dew, in its own fairness pent.
The glowing daisy, from the bank, looked up,
Bright as the brook that cools the antelope;
And wondered if the lily were content
To gleam alone 'neath this blue firmament,
Far from the flowery vales of spring-wreathed hope,
With only now and then a peering eye
To watch her sunbright petal outward bend.
Nor did she think that, from the liquid sky,
Some favoring star might thence its influence bend;
Or that a nymph, unknown 'neath other skies,
Would blend both flowers for aye in her blue eyes.

MAUD.

MAUD'S heart seemed cold, as is the clear keen ice,
As if it hung beneath a pulseless pall,
Or dwelt alone where slanting moonbeams fall,
To watch the far off stars successive rise
And shape their aspects to some grand device.
She could not see their glances mystical,
Nor hear their voices, to each other, call,
The while they talked of love and Paradise.
And she might spurn them there, if she but knew
That, through the long night, they had wooed the flowers
And weakly wept those pearly drops of dew,
Or deigned to twinkle for such eyes as ours.
Pride spurns the officious sympathy of tears ;
And nerves her soul to heal or hide its scars.

II.

MAUD might be won by him whose fearless brow
Was firmly set in conscious self-respect,
Whose noble soul stood, like his form, erect ;
The rays of genius flashing all aglow,
Like the sheet light'ning round a vessels prow
That only glows in its sublime effect—
The scintillations of his intellect
Which could not all conceal themselves below.
Would he succeed, then, ere his suit is won,
He needs must wait in seeming self-repose,—
Still against hope must steadily hope on ;
Till, from the thorns, he plucks the full-blown rose
That spreads for him its petals in full bloom,—
For him doth live to breathe its sweet perfume.

ON A PAINTING OF THE MADONNA.

IN what pure models of æsthetic mould
Were these diviner lines of beauty found?
Who trod, for these, earth's widest circles round
When Cynthia's car, in list'ning silence, rolled,
Or when the morning tipped the hills with gold?
From ocean's caves, for precious pearls renowned,
Those ideals leaped; or from the depths profound,
Or from the stars within the sapphire's scroll.
Who, who hath found them, merged them into one,
And robbed this universe of all its grace?
Who hath preserved, from peril and from storm,
The meek Madonna in this human face?
It seems, of this gross earth, no mortal part;
'Tis nature's spirit photographed in art.

II.

VEILED like the grape by its own leafage fair,
Bright as the diamond daughter of the coal,
Her soul-lit eyes, in liquid radiance, roll
'Neath cloudlike masses of her dusky hair.
'Tis the Madonna, rapt in worship there;
Her heavenward brow of peace, divinely full,
Asserts itself the temple of her soul.
But hush, those lips seem breathing words of prayer;
Say, whence those rose-tints in her white cheek's wreath?
The hues of Eden linger in their light.
Who wreathed that smile about those pearly teeth,
That sheds its radiance on my ravished sight?
So saintly pure, so worthy of our love,
Is she more beautiful in heaven above?

THERE'S ROOM ON TOP.

UP through the light, glance on the golden stair
T'ward which proud genius, from a lower round,
Looks up and claims the infinite beyond.
On top there's room, if thou hast wing to spare
And nerve to grasp the sunlit visions there.
There all is light, e'en to the utmost bound
And to the bosom of the vast profound ;
If only thou canst breathe its crystal air,
Room there, to soar to distance infinite—
Not for the vaunting wing, or foot of pride :
These cannot scale alone the dizzy height,
Or shape their courses for its circles wide ;
But he who stoops to enter wisdom's gate,
And humbly owns that only God is great.

ECSTASY.

HER radiant brow, I see, pure as the snow,
Like the Madonna at the vesper hour.
Had she possessed the heavens for her dower,
Her upturned eye, in its angelic glow,
Could not have kindled as it kindles now—
Glancing like sunset on the distant tower,
Then on the dark clouds where the tempests lower,
Piercing the rift, how far I may not know,
Through the starred sapphires on some hidden shrine
Within the eternal temple dimly aisled,
Like him of old, so much, her brow doth shine.
There, face to face, she sees the Undefiled,
Not from the clefs or parted by a veil,
But on his throne wreathed in the rainbow pale.

THE SMITTEN STANDARD-BEARER.

HE bore his standard nobly to the mote,
In dangers unappalled, where'er he rode
Through the thick smoke of battle and of blood.
As 'neath its shade, unflinchingly, he fought,
Its crimson folds encircled all his thought.
An iron pillar in his might, he stood
Above the wrecks of battle round him strowed.
There, through his heart, did speed the fatal shot;
But, in death's grasp, he held the standard still.
What dare we, 'neath that eye's unflinching ray
Fixed as the purpose of his steadfast will,
But wrap his red flag round him where he lay—
A gleam of glory o'er a hero's rest,
With its loved folds close cleaving to his breast.

TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS.

HAIL, beauteous spirit, of the golden mean!
As constellations, that in heaven's expanse,
Soft meet the twilight hour, thou dost advance;
Thy step so meek, beneath a brow serene,
That we must search for thee ere thou art seen.
Not as the meteor that the shades elance,
But like an evening star, sweet temperance,
In steady lustre only, dost thou reign.
Like the first snow-wreath on the Alps all pure,
Thou lovest the summit of the mountain height
Twixt earth and heaven to rest, sublime, secure,
Lifting the finite to the infinite.
Oh might I now, from baser passions free,
Ascend at once to dwell and reign with thee!

THE WINE CUP.

LOOK not upon the wine when it is red
And gives its color 'mid the festive group;
A serpent, from its dregs, is looking up;
With fatal aim, he moves his venomed head,
Beneath thy lip, his poisonous fangs, to spread.
O, dash it down! no more its willing dupe,
Bend o'er the crystal stream and fill thy cup;
The light of heaven, upon thy brow, 'twill shed,
Reflected from its waters calm and pure.
So youth's enchanting hours shall come with joy
To fan thy temples with their balmy air,
Robed in that innocence thou wouldst destroy.
Dash down the cup of trembling from thy lips;
And fly the deep'ning shades of death's eclipse!

A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD.

THIS rock-ribbed earth doth hide within its breast,
In quartz or nuggets pure, more solid gold
Than the closed coffers of the world could hold.
Rise, brothers, rise, 'tis the divine behest;
Go, lift it up and bring it to the test.
It gilds the sand and veins the barren wold,
Pressed by the foot of gain as common mould.
Go search the field, the drifting sand arrest,
And bring the treasure up into the light,
There is a furnace that can purge its dross;
The beaten gold shall glitter in your sight;
For such a gain, who would not suffer loss?
Rise, brothers, rise, this glorious toil divide,
Must the poor drunkard perish at your side?

TO EVA.

READ softly, Eva, Mildred's thanks through me.
Such kindly acts as thine, the truest love
Exacts from willing hands and hearts above.
Love hath a touch of pure divinity
The vulgar never felt and cannot see ;
And thine for her, my grateful mind, doth move
To imitate the actions I approve,
And dip my aged pen paternally
In Nature's fount to copy thus her child.
With me love's lightest act weighs more than gold ;
Gold hath its dross, but love is undefiled,
And shows the impress of its heavenly mould ;
It comes from thence just like the fruitful rain,
And, on this earth, its precious fruits we gain.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A ROSE, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

GO, as love's offering, fair, soft-tinted flower,
With quivering sheen, fresh from this heaven of blue,
Sprent o'er with thought that sparkles like the dew ;
As on this Christmas morn, Christ's natal hour,
In Sharon's Rose, love sent its richest dower.
Tell sweetly thus ; tell, for thy lips are true,
Love's gentle message in each tender hue.
Tell her, love's bloom dreads not the winter's power,
But bears its beauty bravely on the stem ;
E'en when the tempest gathers round its form.
Tell her it covets, from love's diadem,
To shed its fragrance out upon the storm ;
And through the darkness, would the night beguile
Like some sweet star that evermore doth smile.

HER LIPS DO SPEAK.

SOAR thou, my muse, on radiant wing elate,
Through all heaven's height of blue with lark-like trill!
An angel o'er thy soaring watches still.
Starlike, though hidden as when stars are set,
A veiled angel there in heaven doth wait;
And peers and lists adown the holy hill
To catch those earthly strains which rise and thrill
The golden harps just past the crystal gate,
Through some clear vista of the amethyst:
And as they swell that angel ear doth bend
To hear heaven's echoes through the golden mist.
Hail! shall I thither come, when I ascend?
Her lips do speak, but matter is too dense
To give their sweetness to the ear of sense.

REUNION.

YES, over there, out on those boundless fields
Whose flowery slopes, like Pharphar's banks, unite
To kiss life's crystal river in the light;
Where the fair tree of life its fruitage yields;
Where every brow the living amaranth shields;
Where all heaven's conquering hosts enrobed in light,
Recount their conquests through Jehovah's might;
And his right hand alone the sceptre wields—
There, in the golden city of our God,
Within his palaces, beside his throne;
Where only pure and tearless ones have trod,
And the dark shades of change are never known—
There, in reunion sweet, like David, we
Our lost beloved Jonathan shall see.

REST.

THOSE placid waters feel the hush of noon :
The varied maples o'er them softly glow ;
How calm their shortened shadows look below !
This airy thistle down above the lawn,
All gently floating, glistens in the sun ;
And the soft air, refreshing in its flow,
Just lightly moves the aspen to and fro.
The feathered songsters, to their groves, have flown ;
A witching starlike stillness holds the scene.
The whetted scythe is laid upon the sheaf ;
The shepherd's flocks rest on the upland green ;
And, through the branches, drops a single leaf :
It rustles in mine ear its soft release ;
And the calm heavens, inviting, whisper peace.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

IS it the inspiration of a dream ?
The presence felt of some enchanted scene ?
Those foliaged isles, across the sunset sheen,
Like stately swans, are sailing up the stream,
Robed in the brightness of the morn's first beam :
While the St. Lawrence, with a queenly mien,
In silken silence, softly glides between.
As if of Hiddekel those isles might seem,
In their primeval beauty of repose ;
Worthy of Eve what time, at night's still noon,
The angel's rustling wings were wont to close ;
And visions blest, to be dissolved too soon,
Crowned the still hours of Eden's fair retreat—
In every type of loveliness complete.

ELECTRICITY.

EARTH'S silent forces are sublime in might.
This mute elastic fluid veiled in air;
This pulse of space, this soul of every sphere,
That in its subtler essence mocks our sight,
Yet fills the circle of the infinite:
A presence felt and moving everywhere;
A viewless universe of hidden fire,
That oceans cannot quench nor darkness smite—
This, with the swiftness of unfettered thought,
Darts through the earth and touches every zone;
As if the universal ear it caught,
And every atom were a telephone
To echo singly over land and sea
One consentaneous ceaseless symphony.

FEAR.

THERE was the shock of earthquakes 'neath her feet;
And the rent plain with intermitted throes
Asunder torn, as suddenly would close.
Her pulse to the loud thunder seemed to beat,
Then almost stop, as with the dull retreat
Came a portentous stillness filled with foes—
So full of terror that the worst of woes
Seemed lighter than the fear of coming fate.
Her lynx-like eyes took in the blackest night,
And grasped a boundless vision in its sphere;
Her guilty spirit shunned the faintest light,
And shrank from sounds but rustling in her ear
As from the voice of storm-fiends in their ire,
Or tyrannous demons breathing penal fire.

TWILIGHT.

THERE came with silent footfall of the dew,
A spirit at the evening's stillest hour;
With angel hand, she closed the petaled flower,
That the meek stars, pleased with its milder hue,
Might their sweet influence shed from out the blue,
And whisper to the clouds from some high tower
Which way to shape their course with gentle shower.
The soft green plants their foliage closer drew,
And listened for her footsteps passing by.
Sweet twilight grey, that, like the ocean's sheen
What time the moon's white gleam doth softly lie
Upon its glassy stillness all serene,
Dost ever wrap thyself in silvery gear,
Trailing eve's shadows round this circling sphere.

EVENING TIME.

HASTE, haste thee home, it is the evening time,
The sunset deepens in life's lowly vale.
In silence hung, the yellow leaflet pale,
Poised for its fall, doth hear the curfew's chime;
The busy wild bee sees the shadows climb,
And hears the soft notes of the nightingale
Rise from its shadowed rest in their sweet scale,
Then quits her humming round the fragrant thyme
And soars away. Haste, haste thee now, my soul,
And lo, at evening time it shall be light!
Why should'st thou stay till darkness wraps the whole?
Why should'st thou tarry for the cheerless night?
Haste, haste thee home in life's soft twilight dressed;
At eve 'tis nature's privilege to rest.

IN MEMORIAM.

A LITTLE fleecy cloud that near doth stray,
And tint its tissues in the rising sun,
All in the morn-lit air its race to run ;
It only came to blush and pass away.
Death's envious shadows stole it from the day ;
As if when heaven its fairer hues had won,
Its race were ended, and its work were done.
Its grosser part doth mingle with the clay ;
But that which was its glory in the light,
Shines like a seraph, and shall never fade.
Ah ! when my little day shall close in night
Then might I be by angel hands conveyed
To see how glorious, clad in robes divine,
My little MINA looks, for ever mine.

II.

THERE'S not a shade upon her angel face ;
Through all the foldings of her robes of white
There's not a stain, to mar them in the light ;
Her little foot hath touched, but hath no trace
Of death's dark vale within that holy place.
If these weak eyes could bear the glorious sight,
Ah ! I should know her 'mid the angels bright.
The little stranger, in their blest embrace,
Calls out my name—is looking round for me ;
Yet there's no heartache, not a single tear,
But one sweet longing at my side to be
As she was wont when in this vacant chair.
Wait, for we hasten through life's long drawn aisle :
Play with the angels yet a little while.

THE VESPER HOUR.

TRANSCENDENT glory of this vesper hour,
Whose light is golden as a jasper sea,
Heaven lends thee all its sweet tranquillity,
And, in its blushing clouds, doth thee embower.
The distant fields of space confess thy power.
Thou walk'st in mystic brightness through the sky
Like the pale Magdalen with dewy eye;
Thy balmy breath outbreathes the spikenard's dower;
Those shadows gather round thee like her fears—
Her quickened sense had glimpses else unseen
Of Christ her gracious Saviour through her tears.
What marvel if in moments so serene
Heaven's martyr host should kindle on my view
Ere yet the stars could glimmer through the blue?

II.

BEHOLD! in vision blest with thoughts of peace,
The exultant angel host o'er Jacob soars,
Climbing the golden ladder to heaven's towers,
Or issuing thence ablaze with ecstacies,
While linger yet the sunset's golden rays.
In such array I saw the heavenly Powers
With circling flight approach this earth of ours,
And fold their wings for evening's hymn of praise.
And I was conscious that the vesper air
Blushed into petaled forms,—a full-blown rose
When all its petals stand erect and clear;
As did their band symmetrically close.
In radiant ranks, they wait, as thus they come
To guard Christ's little ones and bear them home.

FAITH IS A BRAVE SWEET FLOWER.

FAITH is a brave sweet flow'r that loves the light
And drinks it in with all its golden rays,
In bud or bloom, in bright or cloudy days ;
And 'neath the stars it drinks the dews of night,
Or if the dewy stars be out of sight,
It meets the tempest-cloud with fearless gaze,
And drinks the rain ; and in the storm it lies
Unscathed and calm while the red light'nings smite,
And the hoarse thunder shakes the solid earth.
E'en as the shadow on the dial moves,
It still doth grow, maturing from its birth
Until each tint its full perfection proves ;
When, as from Pisgah, it doth heaven behold,
But rests this side the stream like him of old.

PEACE.

SWEET peace, thine image is this silvery lake
Whose waveless stillness, breathlessly serene,
Seems as if angels hovered o'er the scene.
Here the pale moonbeams tremble as they take
The softly slumb'ring dewdrops down the brake :
They seek the primrose on the level green,
And touch its fragrant lips unheard, unseen,
As though they kissed it for its own sweet sake.
Calm thou dost walk between the pastured flocks,
The lily of the valley to salute,
To find thy shelter 'neath the moss-grown rocks,
And spread thy downy pillow at their foot.
There may'st thou rest, lulled by the rippling streams,
To wait the coming of t[illegible] golden dreams.

BYRON.

PROUD genius of the storm, from Jura's crest
Thy thoughts, like light'ning, smite the darkness through
Only to show how deep its blackest hue!
Thou hast no living light within thy breast,
No home thoughts in those solitudes unblest;
Why strike with fiery wing our heaven of blue
When only storm and darkness can ensue?
Lone friendless one, hast thou no place of rest?
Better, with lowly Philomel at eve,
To trill the deep'ning shadows into song
Than lift through echoes that the hills might weave
An eagle's note the list'ning stars among.
Rage seized thy passions in their dewy morn,
And seared them all to hatred or to scorn.

WE HOLD THE FLOWER.

OH! why so few with minds of kindred mould,
In whose deep tenderness we have a share?
Only a few unchanging loved ones here;
The dimning cloud of doubt all damp and cold
Rests on the flock though the gathered for the fold:
And, mingling with the true and strong and fair,
The false and feeble meet us everywhere.
Love's tranquil waters, that so purely rolled,
Are turbid oft and troubled in their flow;
And the soft language of the speaking eye
Lacks the sweet confidence of long ago.
We blame ourselves, and yet we know not why;
We hold the flower, but ah! its bloom is gone,
And then we weep, and weeping thus, pass on.

THE FLOW OF TIME.

TIME, like the Indus, sinks in its own sand,
And, like that ancient stream, with mighty sweep,
Bears all its own memorials to the deep.
Where is the hallowed home of youth unstained,
With prattling lips so powerful to command?
Doth lone, sad Rachel, there her vigils keep,
Still bending o'er the waters but to weep?
Our childhood's hopes! like hers, they seemed to stand,
But now they all are scattered far around
And float like freighted sighs upon the flood,
Sinking through eddies to the depths profound—
No trace is left to show us where they stood.
Swift stream, gleam white beneath the twilight stars,
Blanched, like the cheek of age, with flowing tears.

THE SEAR LEAF.

SAY, blushing maple, mirrored in this stream
On which the withered waifs of autumn lie,
Whence have those leaves of thine their scarlet dye?
What gives yon upland scene its ruddy gleam?
And skirts the forest as with tongues of flame?
Ah! it would seem like Nature's prophecy
That e'en the beautiful on earth must die,—
Die when their glowing tints the brightest seem;
Die like the meteor flashing on the night,
Its splendors darkened to be seen no more.
Rustle and gleam, frail leaf; thus brief and bright
The tints of loveliness on every shore;
Thou think'st not where to hide they fragile form,
Though darkened as with shadows of the storm.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

A LITTLE while we wear our sun-stained vest,
Flushed with the labor both of morn and eve.
The furrowed field on earth, we may not leave
Till the dark shadows lengthen toward the east,
And in the twilight touch the mountain's crest.
Through storm and calm, our patient way we cleave ;
Nor cease to labor till we cease to live—
We shall have all eternity to rest.
Oh let us work while it is called to-day :
The night is coming when no man can work,—
Heaven's golden chime rings in the shadows gray
And in a little while it will be dark.
There's no device within the deep, dark grave,—
All, all is silent where the willows wave.

MEDITATION.

ILLUSIVE silence, parent of repose,
In thee all Nature's hushed into a view ;
Our dreaming senses only catch the hue,
Or transient outline, that some object throws,
Touched by a sudden light ; and then they close
As if the soul had bid this earth adieu,
And all its scenes were darkened and withdrew.
As when the angel that o'er Patmos rose
Stood in the sun that he might catch its light ;
So the rapt soul would lose its grosser sense
To hold diviner visions in their flight,
And kindle into rapture more intense,
Till this rude frame of nature doth dissolve
In the clear vision of the things above.

PRAYER.

THE broken, lowly cry of conscious need
Touches the key of heaven's conducting wire,
And upward dart its rays of living fire.
While hope's first prayer from doubt and anguish freed,
The covenant angel bends his ear to read,
A band of seraphs strike their golden lyre ;
Then from the court of heaven at once retire,
Swift outward strike their gleaming wings, and speed
With blissful answers of successful prayer :
As when Elijah lingered on the mount ;
While from the sea the spreading cloud drew near,
And every vale and every parched fount
That drinketh water of the rain of heaven
Steeped its glad lips in the full answer given.

SLEEP.

HAIL, balmy sleep ! sweet solace of the slave,
In which he drops awhile his galling chain,
Crowned with the bliss of past delights again—
Thine is the peace and stillness of the grave,
E'en when the maddened tempests round thee rave ;
And when loud battle shakes his horrid mane,
Thou art as calm and placid as the slain.
Thou, only thou, canst make the coward brave
Or robe misfortune's pallor in a smile.
Labor doth greet thee on elysian fields :
And e'en tired Nature doth herself beguile
To dream of heaven and of the rest it yields.
Soft, tearless sleep, thou dost life's sorrow chase
Or hush its sounds of tumult into peace.

GRIEF.

DEEP in the shadow of a watery cove,
Far up the half-tide rock that seems her throne,
I see mute sorrow sitting pale and lone.
Her downcast eyes are fixed in tenderest love
On one sweet face, reflected from above,
Rocked on the smooth wave to the monotone
Of sounding surf and the bleak wind's low moan.
The twilight sad doth chill the neighboring grove,
And all things fade as the tall shadows climb
Among the stars; while Hesper only peers,
As with an angel's glance from heaven's fair clime
Where grief is not, and there are no more tears.
Shine on, sweet star of hope, through the long night
Of Nature's sorrow, till the morning light.

THE OLD MELODIES.

THE simple melody is ever new
On the bright hearthstone, or where'er we roam,
Like grand "Old Hundred," or like "Home, Sweet Home."
Its every strain, to nature's instinct true,
Gives with an angel's touch its golden clue;
And our fond memories thronging round us come
The home-roof's shade at mellow evening's gloam,
The broken circle, and the last adieu:
Till the rapt spirit revels in each tone,
And every close seems sweeter than the last.
The old songs claim such treasures as their own,
And breathe their influence o'er the buried past;
Till the lost years seemed shrined in melody—
A sunset sleeping on a far-off sea.

THOUGHTS THAT ARE NOT.

I LONG for what I would, but cannot see—
This soul-light brightens as my days decline,
But ah! its tender dawn no more doth shine;
And the far hills seem purple o'er the sea,
Hid in the twilight of life's dawn from me.
I sow and reap, I plant and pluck the vine,
And ere I press I see the flowing wine,
All blushing for itself unconsciously;
But there are shadows on the evening's sheen:
For scores of years, life's blossoms shed their leaves,
Like autumn leaves that perish all unseen,
Lost like the vanished tints that autumn weaves.
Time hath no record of their perished bloom,
Nor recks it when they shed their lost perfume.

II.

I SEEM like Rachel weeping for the dead.
Their dimpled cheeks, their curls of golden hair,
E'en though they are not, seem as if they were.
Though they were such as angel thoughts might wed,
Translation's heirs, whose soft white foot might tread
Within the veil, they were so pure and fair,
Their shadowed path was clouded oft with care:
And night crept in, and stole them as they strayed;
Ere they had thought how brief their stay might be,
My first-born thoughts are dead, their dreamless sleep
Wakes not an echo of the past for me.
Ah, think not strangely that I sit and weep!
They found no shelter on the wayside born,
And they have perished like the dews of morn.

MUSIC.

HOW lightly here, this tremulous music flows
From soft'ning distance through the ether pure!
Its witching sounds pass through the silvery air,
Softly as moonbeams searching for the rose,
When in its fragrance sweet it doth repose;
Softly as leaflets of the aspen stir,
'Mid orient splendors in the land of Shur,
While hovering angels there their wings disclose.
Methinks the spirit of the listening flowers
Through all their foldings her glad ear doth bend,
And Time himself, soothed by its gentler powers,
Retards the winged moments to attend.
I too would list to its delicious notes,
As from those heights their mellow music floats.

THE FOAM WREATH'S BUBBLES.

WHY do the swift-winged breezes of the south
Snatch from the cascade bright its falling spray,
'To build a crystal foam-wreath in their play?
Seest thou the bubbles dancing round about?
As if the nymphs had kicked them in their route,
And sent them gleaming from the mimic fray,
Tempting the fireflies flaunting o'er the lea
To spread their wings before the stars are out.
There may'st thou see the waters as they flow,
Laugh in their sparkling jets at every leap,
Catching their echoes wand'ring to and fro
Where the light shadows o'er the meadows creep:
The while sweet Hermes folds his weary wings
To breathe all night unutterable things.

THE METEOR.

KEEN on the amethyst of night, it threw,
In pencilled line, its vivid arch of light ;
It was so brief, but ah, it was so bright,
It feared no shadows darting through the blue.
O were my path so pure, its ray as true !
A wreath of glory in its onward flight,
A radiant meteor on the world's dark night,
A Shadrach flashing out, then hid from view.
I would not tarry till the clouds should weave
Their dimning curtains o'er the glorious scene ;
I would in one grand act life's aim achieve,
And leave its record on the hearts of men ;
E'en though I knew when its quick gleam were gone
That high in heaven the stars would still shine on.

THE MOON.

TELL me, thou silent-footed fairy queen,
That, with soft flowing robes of silvery light,
Walk'st through the starlit palace of the night,
Like Jeptha's virgin on the hilltops seen ;
Why art thou wand'ring heaven and earth between ?
Art thou some Peri that to worlds more bright
Dost ever hold thine unavailing flight ?
And yet thy full-orbed countenance, serene,
Is bright with hope ; as if at heaven's gate
Thine hand were lifted to throw back the bolt.
Too pure for earth, why dost thou longer wait ?
Why creeps this shadow like some secret fault
All o'er thy brightness, boding sadly still ?
As if thou couldst not scale that holy hill.

HOPE.

WHEN the fierce tempest treads the yielding main,
And its long line of coast looks ghastly pale,
As the white breakers glisten in the gale;
Hope's gallant ship pays out her clanking chain,
And then comes to, all quiv'ring 'neath the strain
As the sheet anchor holds: if this should fail,
What were her ribs of oak? her helm? her sail?
Her active crew, her captain brave, were vain;
Naught can avail her but her anchorage.
On this hangs all, in this her only trust.
The storm, remorseless in its furious rage,
Rolls up its billows on a rock-bound coast;
Thus, while the waves of vengeance round us roll,
Hope holds in peace the dauntless, trusting soul.

THE FLOATING BUBBLE.

SEE, on the brook, the bubble's floating wreath,
As forth it floats so lightly and so fair.
A thousand rays glance through its crystal sphere;
A myriad rainbows revel round its sheath,
As if a living spirit dwelt beneath
And shot her magic glances here and there—
Like Cupid's arrows tinting all the air—
o catch the vows that sighing zephyrs breathe.
Whence those reflections kindling in each hue?
Found ye those ruddy gleams on sunset skies?
Those purple rays, on mountains 'mid the blue?
And this pale yellow tint, where autumn lies?
Or from its harvest of the golden grain,
Just when the dawn stood smiling o'er the plain?

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

IN russet brown I seek the flowery dells,
To work and sing all through the summer's day;
I meet with many loit'rers on the way,
While I am thinking of the heather bells
Or peering down into their luscious cells.
I see the silly butterflies at play,
As if disporting with each sunny ray;
But ah, I wonder where the trifler dwells
When chilling snows o'erspread the flowery mead,
And the dark tempest lifts his dreadful wing!
Then, I shall sing without the winter's aid;
And, in my hive, await the flowers of spring.
Unthought of evil, in their pathway, lies;
I cannot linger with the butterflies.

THE SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY.

I SOAR in light what time the golden morn
Pours through his gates his undiminished flood;
The stars retire, as if in worship bowed,
Night's pendent dews are quiv'ring on the thorn;
The flutt'ring larks spring upward from the corn;
My wings are tinged as is yon April cloud,
Where the pale iris finds herself a shroud—
As though her hues must fade when I am born.
Lo! I will sip the honey from all flowers,
And sweep with graceful wing o'er many a vale.
I only live to think of summer hours
Thus through life's fragrant avenues to sail
With dappled wing, and o'er the lilies bend
To taste their sweets, nor ask what is the end.

TIME AND THE HOUR-GLASS.

AS the turned glass pours out its grains of sand,
The moments glide. Oh me, they cannot stay.
How ceaselessly they flow and pass away!
I know they're numbered by divine command,
But silence holds them in her slack'ning hand,
And the round sum is less'ning night and day;
How much is left, she doth not, may not say;
And in suspense I tread this border land.
Oh, what is time, and what eternity,
But life's whole birthright parted by death's stream?
To be on earth is evermore to be;
Death seems the waking from this mortal dream.
I know not when shall come, how soon, how late,
The sleep that wakens to that changeless state.

I COVET MORE.

LOV'ST thou the painter's work? the poet's dream?
The sketch immortal? the undying song?
Those types of thought that find an angel's tongue,
That blend the starlight with the morning's gleam;
Where genius dwells, enshrined in her own flame,
In art's divinest form, forever young;
Secure of this, to be forever sung,
Like Dante's muse, monopolizing fame.
I covet more than beauty's outward form;
I would behold its substance in the soul—
God's image speaking, not the marble dumb,
Its Eden splendors, glowing from the whole.
Be this my work, to make the diamond shine,
And wrap the human soul in robes divine.

DESIRE TO DEPART.

WHEN the rapt spirit like an eagle towers,
She strikes the mountain-shadows from her wings
As through the light her upward pinion springs ;
The boundless vision, all her being, stirs
As the wide seas contract their minished shores,
Sinking afar with all created things.
Her magic harp, she strikes, of thousand strings,
And soars, exulting in her wondrous powers,
Ascending swiftly through her faith in God ;
As Enoch soared, when beckoned to a throne—
His shining path with glitt'ring star dust strowed
As heaven's unutterable glory shone.
Thus would I quit the gloom of Nature's night,
Earth's desert wastes, to find the realms of night.

BETTER TO DEPART.

OVER the valley by the world unseen,
Past where the smitten waters stood apart,
With glory glancing from the clouds athwart
My chariot way, I stand with brow serene
To drop my mantle heaven and earth between,
Hushing the raptures of this beating heart
Till the winged coursers through the zenith start,
And heaven's full glory bursts upon the scene.
Thus like Elijah blessed, or saintly Paul,
'Tis better to depart and be with Christ.
It matters not should we like Abel fall,
Heaven oped its portals to a martyr first.
'Twere better pierced his pierced hand to greet,
And, falling prostrate, meekly clasp his feet.

SONG OF THE OCEAN.

HEAVEN'S sapphire lights my couch and earth upbears
My silvered hoary locks on every shore,
Her river's ringlets mingle with my own,
And every nymph that sings and seaward peers
Doth trim her lamp to aid the twinkling stars,
And draw night's circling veil more closely down ;
While Cynthea smiles, and dreams of me alone,
Till in the east the purple dawn appears.
Then I awake and tramp along the shore,
And shake the solid mountains to their base,
Or in mid bound I hush the thunder's roar
And catch the lightnings in their hiding-place.
Lifting my blue waves to the rising sun
That he may drink as he his race doth run.

II.

MINE is the answering spirit of the storm ;
I toss the foaming waves from crest to crest,
I hush the storm-fiends of the clam'rous west,
And in the furrows lay them quelled and dumb,
Whate'er their outcry, and howe'er they swarm ;
And lo ! they all seem sleeping and at rest.
When I lift up my voice above the waste
The mighty tremble on the edge of doom ;
Then doth the tempest, on his mission bent,
Send out his courier on the light'ning's wing,
To vent his wrath upon a continent,
And through its gorges vaunt himself a king.
There let him howl adown the ragged rocks,
Where Jura frowns, or old Olympia mocks.

ENOUGH, MY HEART.

ENOUGH, my heart, this universe is thine,
The finer senses' and the passions' food,
Free as God's love its precious gifts are strowed.
It groups them for thee like the grape-hung vine
Bright as earth's fountains when the sun doth shine;
And just as welcome on life's weary road,
For thee unsought its seasons are renewed;
For thee the planets touch each circling sign,
And shed for thee their influence day and night,
Its crickets chirp for thee when thou would'st rest,
The wild birds sing for thee with op'ning light,
And at its close earth folds thee to her breast,
To ope for thee her grass green turf unshorn,
At the first dawn of heaven's eternal morn.

BE STILL.

REST, troubled soul, be still and only wait;
Why would'st thou wrestle with a raging sea?
Thou can'st not smooth a ripple on its way.
Can'st thou contend with tempests dark as fate,
Or chain the ocean's billows at their height?
Thou hast no might, let this be all thy plea,
Then meekly wait and humbly bend the knee.
He only can control who did create.
Be still, and thou shalt know that He is God,
His eye intent beholds the sparrow fall,
Heaven's star-eyed vault shall tremble at His nod,
And thou shalt hear thy name when He doth call,
And smile at storms; be still, and sweetly rest
Thy feverish spirit pillowed on His breast.

THE PAST ETERNITY.

INVISIBLE, dread epochs of the past,
The Infinite alone your heights can scale.
Perchance a time may come when the dark veil,
Which hides the treasures that ye have amassed,
Will be, through grace, less darkly overcast.
Some blest reflections of their image pale
The ravished senses of the soul may hail;
And, with profoundest awe, those pleasures taste
That fill the bosom of eternity.
I dare not say that we such grace might ask;
Or, that our spirits in such light could see;
Or, that this finite mind could face the task:
But, would God rend its veil and shew His face,
This is His temple and His holy Place.

GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS.

UNBOUNDED power can instantly create.
In Nature's perfect form, all things below,
Without the processes by which they grow.
The withered arm, that Christ did once dilate,
Its numbered parts, in substance, size, and weight,
As true to Nature's use as to its glow,
Through every vessel felt life's vital flow—
In all its parts 'twas perfect and complete.
If Christ, to vindicate His matchless might,
Restored that arm, though withered by the curse;
Oh, did not He who said "Let there be light,"
Create at once this wondrous universe?
In its perfection veiled, e'en from its prime,
'Twas the first fact; yet seems the growth of time.

THE HEAVENS.

GOD'S voice is heard through all the realms of space :
The depths enroll the records of His name ;
The countless host of stars, with pen of flame,
In light its simple characters doth trace ;
And, from the firmament in every place,
They image forth the Infinite I AM :
For God is light, and from His hand they came
To beam on us the brightness of His face.
Arcturus and the sister pleiades,
The myriad systems, burning as they sing,
Show us His glory in their mingled rays :
Exultant matter as on angel wing
Forever more rejoices thus to shine,
And meekly minister in things divine.

TIME.

SHARP on the silence of eternity,
A myriad mingling sounds symphonious ring ;
The stars to their sidereal orbits spring ;
And heaven's vast host, new born, exult to try
Creation's matin song of ecstasy :
While through the depths, these words their echoes fling
"Let there be light," light did their voice outwing ;
And in that instant time began to be.
Thy works, O God, are perfect ; Thou did'st find,
Ere from the darkness Thou did'st call the light,
Their perfect image in Thy perfect mind ;
And, in the instant of creative might,
In outline vast, wrapt in their swaddling shroud,
Thy works, in their completeness, finished stood.

TIME.

TIME, outward thrown with the first solar beam,
Did, like that beam, descend by its own force,
From day eternal, as its primal source.
Forth, from beneath Jehovah's throne, it came—
A stream aslant from the eternal stream,
With stars, like pebbles, rolling in its course—
Still singing as they roll in sweet discourse.
Lo, when the light'nings call them by their name,
True to their place, their presence answers here;
Not one is wanting in their whole array,
In circles held, or in eccentric sphere.
The pendulum of time, no ~~time~~ can stay—
But that bright angel, who shall tread the earth,
As once he trod when angels sang its birth.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

LO, what a scene salutes the morning's ray!
A thousand songsters, with their thrilling lays,
Awake in Paradise their notes of praise.
The' ·bling strains poured from each bending spray
' o the dawn of the first Sabbath-day.
.ne golden light, with tender new-born rays,
Floods with its splendor all the eye surveys.
The fruit trees bloom; the dew-sprent flowers are gay,
And fill with fragrance all the balmy air;
The leopard pastures with the soft-fleeced sheep;
The eagle lights beside the timid hare:
All, all is peace on earth and in the deep;
While Adam, walking 'mid the cherubim,
Uplifts to God his peaceful Sabbath hymn.

SPIRIT OF PEACE.

HAIL, peace! sweet Spirit of this Sabbath rest,
The light of heaven seems shining on thy face;
The unveiled glory of the Holy Place
Sits on thy brow and cannot be displaced.
Yet, ah! with us thou art a transient guest
Of silence sweet. Art thou the shepherdess
Of some fair region of unruffled space,
Where heaven's pure thoughts lie lamb-like in thy breast,
And care and discord never yet were seen?
Shed forth such influence, calm, as when the dawn
Lifts up, on purple wing, its glorious sheen;
And night's dark vapors, all, are upward drawn.
Bring forth thy treasures now to mortal view,
As morning makes its diamonds of the dew.

HOREB.

OH! that there were, within the hush of thought,
Some Horeb near, some sanctuary found,
Some shadowy circuit wide of holy ground
Where God alone is seen; some sacred spot
Where I might enter with unsandalled foot,
And, in the stillness of the glory round,
Might there attend the voice of God—the sound
Breathed from the burning bush, all else shut out
From my rapt ear, but the sweet words that fall
As dews descending on the tender herb—
To hear my name repeated in his call,
And then the name divine, nor aught disturb,
Till through this list'ning ear my waiting soul
Might thus take in, and comprehend the whole.

CAIN.

THIS demon hand ! with this I dealt the blow ;
Standing upon this spot whereon I tread,
I struck him once,—he staggered, and was dead.
Dead ! what is death ? his breath grew faint and low ;
I could not stop the crimson current's flow ;
And then, he faintly sighed, and his drooped head,
With all its golden locks about it spread,
Lay thus upon my breast. Youth lost its glow ;
His cheek grew pale, then strangely damp and cold ;
And o'er his eye there came a vacancy,
A mist of darkness, as it upward rolled,
And pierced my soul with that which maddens me—
There was so much of tenderness, of pain,
As if he should have said, "Can this be Cain ?"

CAIN'S REMORSE.

AH, he is dead, and I am left alone,
An outcast cursed, more wretched than the slain.
Abel is dead. Ah, would that it were Cain !
His image haunts me since the deed is done ;
It gleams from every star, from every stone—
Each stream, each dewdrop, thence reflects a stain
And flings it back upon this burning brain ;
And every breeze is burdened with a groan.
Night hath no veil ; the waste, no solitude—
From horror that's within, 'tis vain to flee ;
Guilt hath a thousand tongues that would intrude,
A thousand vengeful sparks that cannot die.
Burn in, blaze out, ye furies of the mind,
Cain hath no rest ; and there is none to find.

ENOCH.

THREE hundred years in fellowship divine,
The sainted Enoch challenged human sight;
He walked with God, in God was his delight.
Full on his soul, that seemed its living shrine,
The Sun of Righteousness did ever shine;
Thence virtue's rays streamed out on the dark night
Of centuries, that could not quench the light.
His spotless name is still the pledge, the sign,
Of Christ's full triumph, to the end of time.
Love clasped him mortal to its throbbing heart,
And changed his robes to suit the heavenly clime;
Then, stepping o'er death's empire of the sod,
Just breathed the gold-leaved gates of life apart—
And Enoch walks forever with his God.

ENOCH'S TRANSLATION.

HAIL, eldest born of heaven's translated heirs!
Surely on earth thou wert for glory meet;
Thy lifted brow, the face of God, did meet
In fellowship divine, three hundred years;
Until its light seemed changeless as the stars.
Didst thou not mark the impress of his feet?
Were not the accents of his voice most sweet?
Beneath his smile, thou couldst have no more fears.
He, in creation, had no need of time,
It flashed from nothing like primeval light;
Thus, in an instant, thou didst soar sublime:
Thy robes of dust grew radiant in their flight,
Life's precious flower knew not the darkened tomb—
On earth 'twas clothed in heaven's perpetual bloom.

JOB.

A CRYSTAL dewdrop this, without a stain,—
A stone most precious, not a flaw or speck ;
The peerless gem a kingly brow might deck.
'Tis Nature's gift. Methinks had Nature seen,
She might have said, "Is not this edge too keen ?
How precious what is lost ! Why will ye take
So great a risk ? What if this stone should break ?"
Yet the true artist heavier still doth lean,
Its glory and its beauty to secure :
Thus Job is held to the relentless wheel ;
His shrinking flesh, its sharpness must endure.
Behold ! in anguish, virtue lifts her veil—
His soul irradiates affliction's night ;
And in the darkness glows—a gem of light.

TRUTH UNCHANGEABLE.

TRUTH is eternal, though in part unseen,
Like colours hiding in the solar ray
In which they blend, but cannot pass away.
Their rays' prismatic image we regain
From light reflected by the falling rain.
Thus, all defined, in the pure word to-day,
The truth's distinct reflections we survey—
Those simpler forms of truth that must remain.
Shew me Thy glory in Thy truth, O Lord ;
Give me the seeing eye, the hearing ear,
To mark each utterance of the written word
In which its living splendor doth appear.
Through the thin veil its perfect light shall stream,
Each word a ray, from truth's eternal beam.

THE DELUGE.

THE heavens dissolve, beneath the tempests bowed ;
The sharp-tongued lightnings flash, the thunders roll,
The rills to rivers swell, from pole to pole ;
The founts of the great deep, 'neath ocean's shroud,
Like tidal waves, burst from their dark abode.
The snow-wreathed Alps unbinds its ancient scroll,
And there unveils the secrets of its soul,
Ere it is buried in the mighty flood—
Housed in a grave, without a monument,
Where all earth's treasures and its peoples lie—
One mausoleum vast, without a saint—
A gulf of death beneath a starless sky—
Vexed by the tempest, terrible and dark,—
Where earth's sole refuge is the floating ark.

TRUTH.

IN liquid loveliness against yon cloud,
With roseate blush, O Truth, thy bow doth lean ;
It spans the heavens,—say, uncreated queen,—
For thou didst tread the courts that silence trod,
Before the morning stars first sang to God—
Didst thou not weave its tissues o'er the scene,
In which to veil thyself and smile on men
Who feared the coming of a second flood ?
And, on their brows uplifted unto heaven,
Didst thou not shed thine influence calm and sweet ?
They read, e'en while they ran, the answer given ;
And reassured on earth their trembling feet.
Still, as the bow we trace from either end,
Its paths of light into each other blend.

ISHMAEL.

HOW fiercely flames o'er me this noontide hour!
The desert's breath doth like the furnace glow,
And like its ashes lies the dust below.
I think of founts with palm trees shadowed o'er,
And of the shadows of the mountains hoar—
But ah, I thirst, far from such visions now—
These burning sands no cooling shadows know,
And the refreshing streamlet flows no more.
Stay not, my mother; here no longer stay;
Why shouldst thou perish in the wilderness?
Lo, 'neath this shrub my soul shall pass away;
And here thine Ishmael soon shall rest in peace.
Just press my lips, dry as the desert sand;
I haste, like Abel, to that deathless land.

HAGAR.

O DEATH, there is no shadow deep as thine;
No spot of earth where thou dost not intrude;
Thou art the soul of boundless solitude.
How dost thou mar the human form divine,
And hide its loveliness in earth's dark shrine!
So pale, so cold, so blank, with horror viewed—
The marble image of an attitude—
That shocks with terror we cannot define.
Hagar, thou canst not look upon the child;
But pitying heaven with grace hath looked on thee,
In sorrow bowed, from all the world exiled;
This is not death; 'tis Ishmael; rise and see;
Go, dip the water from yon fountain clear,
And wet his lips, for God hath heard thy prayer.

TAKE THY SON.

TELL me, ye shrouding vapors of the veil,
Dropped ye in dewy tenderness to weep?
And you, ye stars, that dwell in heaven's deep,
Did ye not look upon these temples pale?
That throbbing brow, where silence sets its seal;
His heart, in its own anguish, he doth steep;
As he alone his sorrows thus might keep,
And inly sigh from depths inaudible—
The deepest sorrow dreads the world's cold ear.
Ah! could that grief give utterance to its cry,
What deep, heart-rending tones ye then would hear!
But his bowed soul sits 'neath a darkened sky;
He only sighs and looks to Him that doomed—
The God that gave his Isaac hath resumed.

ABRAHAM'S DELIVERANCE.

I CHARGE thee tell me, O thou saintly moon—
The silent witness of this wondrous scene,
This tragedy divine—say, silvery queen,
Who soothed his burning brow, as all alone
He on the altar laid and bound his son
When the knife glittered, earth and heaven between?
Did not the angel stay his hand, unseen;
While the loved voice supreme, with tender tone,
Fell on his startled ear and called his name?
Did not his lips break forth in praise and prayer,
When in the thicket he beheld the lamb,
And offered sacrifice with Isaac there;
While faith assured, a brighter vision caught,
And God's own Lamb with rapture filled his thought?

WRESTLING JACOB.

IN guilt and pain and helplessness extreme,
I seek the deep'ning shade of deepest night,
To lose, a little while, this sense of sight—
With all the horrors of this waking dream.
Hush, Jabbock, hush ! thou darkly clam'ring stream ;
Thine angry flood, like Esau, comes to smite.
Thou, who from darkness first didst strike the light ;
Oh, wilt not Thou thy wondrous words redeem,
And make mine offspring like the glitt'ring host
Of twinkling stars? My faith takes hold of Thee ;
I'll wrestle till the bands of night are loosed ;
I will o'ercome, this promise is for me ;
Doubts of the past, ye may no more prevail ;
In contrite prayer and faith, I will prevail.

PENIEL.

THE angel's form, in strength stood like a tower,
As Jacob wrestled with him on the plain ;
Each nerve and muscle felt the mighty strain :
For he was conscious of inferior power,
Yet all his force he bent from hour to hour ;
The while he knew his utmost strength was vain.
Nor would he yield to weariness or pain,
E'en when the morning light began to soar.
Then beamed that mercy in Elohim found,
Relenting justice lightened into love ;
God, in his faithfulness, himself had bound,
And halting Jacob must victorious prove.
Thus face to face, a mediator there,
A type of Christ, in all-prevailing prayer.

FINDING OF MOSES.

MID perfume sweet of spice, at eve's first blush,
Fair, as the tint upon the op'ning rose
'Mid the green leaves that round about it close,
Proud Pharaoh's daughter with the maids of Cush
Walked by the river's bank at eve's sweet hush—
When from the Nile a sudden cry arose
As of an infant waking from repose.
More loudly did its fitful wailings rush
In mellowed accents that the waters shaped
To move the Princess; as, with pitying eye,
She looked upon the babe, and lo, it wept.
Its flowing tears awaked her sympathy—
And Moses lives, the Prophet of our God,
Like unto him that in the winepress trod.

LET MY PEOPLE GO.

PROUD Pharaoh, hearken, let my people go,
That they may serve me; why shouldst thou contend?
Their years of bondage now are at an end.
These are not slaves, but guests; why bend thy bow?
Why didst thou crush them like a conquered foe?
Their loud uplifted cries to heaven ascend;
I am come down, I will their rights defend—
Will snap their fetters with a single blow—
Will break the rod of the oppressor's might.
My covenant stands, my people shall be free—
Nor ancient Nile, nor Typhon's bloody rite,
Shall aught avail to change my firm decree—
Nor Pharaoh, nor his hosts, my people dread—
Nor all the bestial gods this stream has bred.

PLAGUE OF THE NILE.

RED rolls the mighty flood of ancient Nile,
As if the slaughtered innocents had shed
Their life's blood at its fount; and, as they bled,
Its limpid waves had flowed all dark and vile—
Flaming blood-red for many a molten mile—
With judgment's banner o'er the waters spread.
The fish, in shoals, float on its surface—dead.
Egypt, is this your flood, adored the while,
And worshipped in its horrid flow of death?
Look on its slimy current's tinted foam!
Go breathe the odor of its putrid breath!
Is this the guardian angel of your home?
Haste, swelling tide, all darkened into blood,
Thy waves flash back the fiery brow of God.

THE HAIL.

O THOU, who, in the broad unpierced cloud
Of dark infinity, dost ever dwell—
God of the lightnings and impetuous hail,
Whose glittering share the field of Egypt ploughed;
Thy voice was in the thunder pealing loud.
Methinks I hear, deep-breathing through the gale,
The nations cry their ceaseless bitter wail.
Thine outstretched arm hath power to quell the proud,
And thou canst use the hail or lightning's scourge;
All creatures are alike to thee, O God—
The furnace dust is mighty as the surge
That moved the Red Sea 'neath the prophet's rod.
In all alike, through judgment's pallid hour,
'Tis not thy creatures, Lord, it is thy power.

THE PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

DENSE, huge, terrific, horrible, it comes—
A sable cloud as rayless as the grave ;
Its ebon front towers like a crested wave—
A pyramid of gloom that all entombs.
Its breath, like death's cold touch, the nation dooms ;
Their hopes are stricken, stricken are the brave,
The mighty tremble, and the timid rave,
Priests have no altars, Egypt hath no homes :
Hushed is the foot of time ; no nights, no days,
No twinkling stars, no moon, heaven's gate is shut—
Earth stands appalled, the blackness shocks, dismays.
Their deity supreme is blotted out.
The nation prostrate lies in strange affright ;
Their sightless eyes look up and wait for light.

THE TENTH PLAGUE.

LO, in the stillness of the midnight hour,
'Neath the death-angel's eye in dread array,
Pulseless and pale the pride of Egypt lay—
Sweet buds of life, and life's expanding flower,
From cot, and crib, and princely bridal bower.
Their blasted hopes, those frantic griefs display—
Ah, such a night hath never followed day !
And such a night, there shall be never more ;
It was a crushing, soul-appalling sight—
There youth and innocence, in beauty's mould,
The eye of genius, and the arm of might,
Lay with the nation's first-born blank and cold,
Hear it, O Earth, that universal cry !
'Tis the oppressed's Avenger passeth by.

THE CLOUD UPON THE SEA.

THEN Moses heard the answering voice of God,
"Wherefore, in spirit, dost thou cry to me?
Dost thou not mark the cloud upon the sea?
Lo, with my glory, all its waves are strowed;
The angel of my presence points the road.
Its mighty waters shall divide for thee,
And a great highway through the depths shall be.
Stretch out thine hand, with this uplifted rod,
And then shall Israel quit this sounding shore,
And lead their armies through the furrowed deep.
Speak to the people, cry to me no more:
The floods that flee before their measured step,
Like stormy winds, shall break on Pharaoh's host;
And dash it to the depths on Egypt's coast.

THE RED SEA.

WHAT aileth thee, thou dark Egyptian Sea?
What means this royal way beneath the moon?
Was it the spirit of the fierce monsoon
Whose dreadful eye, affrighted thou didst see?
Or hath an angel's pinion smitten thee?
These crystal walls erect were built full soon—
Hath Michael laid their line at night's full moon,*
That his oppressèd Israel might go free?
What means that cloud of darkness in the rear?
The broken chariots of the Egyptian host?
The terror and the tumult reigning there?
The ghastly faces, blanched, along the coast?
The Red Sea roars as lions in the night,
And Israel triumphs through Jehovah's might.

* Michael was held to be the guardian angel of Israel.

PHARAOH'S OVERTHROW.

THEY come, proud Pharaoh's chariots and his host;
With passion blind, how furiously they ride—
Their mad, vindictive thoughts their only guide.
Their victim's altar is the wild sea coast,
There shall their gods have one red holocaust;—
One whole burnt offering, millions might divide
To quench their thirst of blood, their injured pride.
Yet not e'en this, their vengeance can exhaust.
Vain are the vaunting flippancies of wrath,
Aimed, like Saul's javelin, where the righteous stood.
Jehovah, through the Red Sea finds a path,
And wraps his people in his fiery cloud;
Then looks in anger on his troubled foe;
And, in their sin, they find their overthrow.

MIRIAM.

QUEEN of our choral queens, O Miriam, rise;
And tune to peace this tumult of the sea.
Soothe its proud waves with songs of victory;
And from the timbrel, as the tempest dies,
Bring those diviner, mightier symphonies
That swell the praises of a people free—
That to the nation bring its jubilee.
Sing a glad song, that will immortalize
Proud Pharaoh's fall, and Israel's release.
Sing, for Jehovah fills His ancient throne,
And His redeemed with Him shall dwell in peace;
His chosen nation now shall dwell alone;
Philistia and Amalek shall fear,
And all the kingdoms of the earth shall hear.

THE SECRET PLACE.

GOD, as on Sinai, in thick darkness dwells—
Dark, with intensest light—to Him we fly
There is the secret place of the Most High.
Hid in the cleft where He Himself reveals,
We view, unveiled, the brightness that excels.
Blest are the pure in heart, beneath His eye;
Secure within His hand, how calm they lie.
Their eye, in secret, all its treasure tells;
It hath its visions there, in perfect peace,
Full of the glory of the living God.
Christ is the way unto this Holy Place;
And there, for evermore, is our abode.
He that hath made the Lord his sole defence.
Dwells in the shadow of Omnipotence.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

WITHIN the veil, in the most Holy Place;
Inwrought with cedar, and inlaid with gold;
The adoring cherubim their wings unfold
Above the symbol cloud that they embrace.
There the High Priest with God stood face to face,
With blood besprinkled, stood divinely bold;
And the Shekinah pure might there behold,
And speak with God alone, by special grace.
Now are we priests, and in His presence stand,
Before the mercy-seat and ark of God,
Empowered beneath the cloud to bear its weight;
And in its glory dwell, as our abode.
The sprinkled blood hath opened up the way
Through the rent veil; and here we ever stay.

MOSES AT HOREB.

HE climbed, in wrath, the desert's flinty rock;
In wrath he held Jehovah's holy rod;
As round him there the murmuring millions trod;
And the mount trembled, as it felt the shock
Of that official, but unhallowed stroke.
He did not sanctify the name of God.
And, in those waters, rushing o'er the sod,
Deep-breathing words of power their echoes woke;
And Meribah repeated in his ear
The malediction uttered in their sound.
Oh grant us patience, Lord, with those who err;
And save from the rash words that deeply wound,
E'en in His upper court and inner shrine,
The jealous ear of Majesty—Divine.

DEATH OF MOSES.

UP, through the tender radiance of the blue,
He climbs with reverent step to Pisgah's crest;
The shepherd's folds hung loosely on his breast,
As when he stood the burning bush to view,
And quickly thence his loosened sandals threw,
While all its glory on his brow did rest.
Now his clear eye of Canaan is possessed,
That goodly land where Caleb's grape-vine grew;
He hears the vernal murmur of its leaves.
His spirit kindles into ecstasy
As Lebanon its lofty foliage waves.
But lo, the scene is changed; heaven fills his eye,
His quiv'ring lips breathe out their glad surprise,
Closed by the covenant angel as he dies.

JOSHUA ON MOUNT BETH-HORON.

THUS Joshua's voice th' expectant heavens did fill.
Sun, stand thou still this night on Gibeon;
And thou, O moon, on vale of Ajalon.
Then did the circling fiery sun stand still,
Fixed by the fiat of a sovereign will;
And the swift-rushing coursers of the moon
Reined to a halt, stood waiting on the sun.
'Twas a divine inflatus, then, that fell
From Joshua's tongue on proud Beth-horon's height;
As there he stood upon the sun-bright mount
With hands outstretched, that had retained the light,
And lips, whose words had thrilled the firmament:
While the red earth drank in the crimson rain,
And Ammon sank in judgment on the plain.

ACHAN.

I SAW the tents of Jacob in dismay.
Hushed in the awful silence of suspense.
The tribes had lost the shield of their defence;
They dare not set the battle in array.
Up, Joshua, up, this is no time to pray;
The people are accursed; go, purge the offence.
The sin of avarice, like a pestilence,
Consumes the strength of Israel to-day;
The Babylonish garment and the gold
Are covered up and hidden in her tent.
Now Achan trembles as the lots are told,
With keenest pangs his guilty soul is rent;
He stained the nation's honor in its prime,
And only death can expiate his crime.

RUTH.

AS Noah's dove plucked the wild olive leaf
And bore it to the ark on swiftest wing,
O Naomi, wilt thou not thither bring,
Through life's dark storm and from its wave-washed reef,
Thy helpless child o'er this wild waste of grief?
I have no rest beside, to thee I cling;
The loved have perished as the flowers of spring—
Their bloom as beautiful, their hour as brief—
And Ruth hath naught but Moab's graves and thee.
Thy God, thy home, thy people shall be mine.
To leave, entreat me not, O Naomi;
For Ruth will have no other God but thine,
In Him with thee forevermore to dwell—
The God of Hagar and of Ishmael.

II.

HAIL! thou sweet light of holiest human love,
True as the star that shows the fixed north;
Thy radiance softly sends its influence forth
And draws us to itself as from above.
We find our willing hearts toward thee move.
How pure the lustre of such priceless worth!
Thou art a rose upon this desert earth,
Whose fragrance never dies. The ages wove
The woof and weft of love in such device;
And, 'neath the shadow of the incense cloud,
It breathes to heaven in sweet self-sacrifice
Like Abel's offering, when he meekly bowed.
Hail! gentle Ruth, the loveliest light of home,
Its hovering angel now where'er we roam.

DAVID.

ENDUED with power beyond all human might,
A princely spirit worthy of the throne,
His strength was God's; his courage was his own.
He lingered by the brook before the fight,
To wait on Him who dwelleth in the light;
And then went forth, undaunted and alone,
To meet Goliath, with a sling and stone.
He saw his weapon in the streamlet bright,
Grasped by his faith, 'twas winged with destiny—
That mighty faith, that panoply of power,
That with a lowly prayer to God drew nigh
And calmly faced the issues of the hour.
He only thought of Israel and his God,
An on his fallen foe triumphant trod.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

HAIL, friendship's chosen, undisputed types!
How blest that spot! It seems her very throne,
Where David meets his Jonathan alone.
As from their tongue love's dewy accent drips,
How true the vows of love upon their lips!
How dear to David is his Jonathan!
How strong the bonds that bind them both in one!
So sad to part, it seemed like life's eclipse.
That fatal moment rends their souls apart;
That glancing arrow, feathered for his foes,
With double point hath pierced them to the heart.
Two souls in one, like twining oaks they rose;
Dissevered now, with foliage all defaced,
Their forms bend low before the furious blast.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BLACKNESS and discord, ghosts of Chaos old,
Throned in her realm of boundless solitude;
But now entombed, with all your horrid brood,
In earth's vast hollow centre, where ye hold
Your empire still round earth's hot axle rolled,
Why from the vasty deep do ye intrude
On the vexed soul of Saul in deadly feud?
Are guilt and terror spirits of your mood?
Would ye hobnob with night to awe a king?
And robe the Witch of Endor with your powers?
Unbind the charneled dead, his doom to bring?
And leave your shadows on this earth of ours?
To-morrow ye shall snatch his parting breath,
And wreathe your temples in the hues of death.

AHITHOPHEL.

LURED by ambition to the dread abyss,
Thou wert like Lucifer, Ahithophel;
He ventured all upon one stake and fell.
He fell from glory through one dark device—
From the archangel's throne, his paradise—
Like lightning darting quick from heaven to hell.
There thou with him in infamy dost dwell,
With treason's brand upon a brow like his.
Lovedst thou the perfidy that bought and sold
The rights of millions for the lust of one?
Had'st thou an itching palm for sordid gold?
And was there too much virtue near the throne?
Or was it envy? Was there at the gate
A faithful Mordecai that thou didst hate?

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR ABSALOM.

"MY son, my son!" Hush, hush, O Mahanaim!
Hear'st thou the wail above the city gate,
Exceeding bitter and exceeding great?
The shout of victory, the voice of fame,
Shrink from that cry as with the thrill of shame.
What mighty sorrow dims thy regal state?
What mean those accents which the heavens repeat?
"My son, my son;" and then that tender name,
"O Absalom, O Absalom, my son, my son!"
It burdens all the air with weight of woe;
'Tis like the cry of Egypt 'neath the throne,
Her first-born smitten at a single blow.
Thus David mourns his smitten Absalom,
And with his woes he builds for him a tomb.

THE GENIUS OF THE PSALMIST.

FAR flash the lights of genius from his eye,
Its flame he gets from the celestial hills,
And thence his censer of the ages fills.
His glowing spirit burns to dwell on high;
How like a sunset cloud he passes by!
His God alone is great, and as God wills,
His flaming numbers roll; his genius thrills
Each throb of life, and through death's vale doth sigh—
Its inspirations flooding all his soul
With tides of living thought unchecked, unsung.
His crystal words seem sparkling on his scroll;
There's not a frigid accent on his tongue.
His theme, his thought, his words, his perfect art,
Are but the rills through which he pours his heart.

RIZPAH.

THOU seest, sad queen, thy sons uplifted there ;
And in their shadow thou dost rise and spread
Thy sackcloth on the rock beside the dead.
Grief-stricken soul ! thou hast no thought of fear ;
Only the lovely and the loved are there.
In vain the vultures hover overhead ;
The beasts of night, their sleepless watcher dread ;
They flee the presence of such fixed despair—
Such mute, such restless, self-sustaining grief.
Sad, soulless Rizpah, who shall comfort thee ?
Thine ears are blasted in the gathered sheaf,
Thy noon was passed in envied royalty ;
Grief's midnight shadows dark'ning as they roll,
In rayless sackcloth wrap thine ardent soul.

RIZPAH'S GRIEF.

PALE watcher by the dead ! thine ear receives
Faint fitful echoes through this rock-pierced heaven ;
As if some lip still named the voiceless seven.
What though the night its triple shadow weaves ?
It is not darkness, it is death bereaves.
Their chilling touch is all that death has given ;
And thy shrill voice, with which the clouds are riv'n,
Finds their dull ear as listless as the leaves.
Behold those royal foreheads one by one,
Thou canst not tell which brow deserved the most ;
The stars look not more regal in night's zone
Than these on thine, yet are they wholly lost :
I hear thy footfall passing round and round,
Till the dull rock seems vocal with the sound.

ELIJAH.

HAIL, wondrous prophet of the wilderness!
Thou wert in soul like Nature's forms sublime,
Like the majestic Carmel thou didst climb—
Stern as the rocks on which the lightnings trace
A zigzag pathway to their secret place.
Still from that sacred height, that holier clime,
Like Horeb's prophet through the lapse of time,
There, in thy shrouding mantle, face to face,
We hear thee talk with God familiarly;
And in a still small voice, as friend with friend,
Doth speak of things in which they both agree.
Wert thou not talking of thy glorious end?
The whirlwind, chariot, and the steeds of fire,
That caught thee up in thine unchanged attire?

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

THE mighty angel of the wind passed by,
And with his iron wings, the rocks were cleft;
An earthquake rent the mountain right and left,
Then through the opening rift the flames leaped high;
But God was not in all that met the eye.
Then Nature seemed of every sound bereft,
And through the tissues of the warp and weft
Of silken silence breathed a voice so nigh—
It was the voice of God,—its gentle tone,
Like to a benediction bathed in love.
Elijah thought that he was all alone,
But there were thousands numbered, sealed above;
A seed for God, reserved in Israel,
Who had not kissed, or bowed the knee to Bel.

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

JUDGMENT is in his heart, and on his brow,
The lowering darkness of the thunder-cloud.
The thunder of his lips is deep and loud,
Who can arrest the arrow of his bow?
The forkèd lightnings that are flashing now
From that keen eye that's resting on the proud?
Go, Baal, and wrap thee in thy burial shroud;
Elijah's God is God, but what art thou?
Jehovah's fire that on that altar fell,
Hath smitten thee; thou hast nor sword nor shield.
Thine were the priests of wicked Jezebel—
She too shall perish when their doom is sealed;
And God alone shall dwell in Carmel's flame—
The God from whom Elijah's answer came.

II.

TRUTH in the bold minority of one,
One prophet of the Lord; in pampered pride
Eight hundred priests are on the other side,—
Flanked by the nation, marshalled by the throne.
Elijah in the conflict holds his own,
And, like the rock-built Carmel, doth abide.
For him, from heaven in majesty replied,
The flash of the black thunder cloud alone;
And Ahab trembles, Baal hath felt the blight.
The tide of heathendom is backward rolled,
And all its idols seek the shelt'ring night;
While Carmel, wrapt in wonders manifold,
Gives promise e'en to Ahab's wicked reign
Of richer treasures than its plenteous rain.

NAAMAN.

PRINCE of Damascus! what to thee thy might?
Lo, what to thee the boundless blue serene?
The golden splendors of the noontide scene?
The fruitful fields, or varied mountain height?
The genius proud, that dwells in its own light?
A dust-crowned leper, outcast and unclean—
Abana, Pharphar, all the streams between;
Damascus' rivers, should they all unite,
Avail thee not: wash thou in Jordan's stream,
There is no healer but Elisha's God.
Wash seven times, thy pallid lips' red gleam
Shall come again; pride then shall kiss the rod,
And the meek captain of Assyria's host,
Alone in Israel's strength, shall make his boast.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

DIVINELY armed in power, he stood alone
Upon the mount above Jerusalem;
His face was terrible, his eye a flame,
His robe like gold, that in the furnace shone.
His red right hand in wrath he reached down;
And there unsheathed, save in its lurid gleam
There seemed a sword, from which in fiery stream,
Shot forth the pestilence with deadly aim—
As quick as angel's thought the people fell.
When David knew the messenger of wrath,
Slain was the pride that numbered Israel.
He bared his breast to meet the stroke of death,
And from its purpose turned that vengeful hand,
Upraised in judgment o'er his guilty land.

THE PRAYER OF LEMUEL.

GIVE me not riches, Lord, nor poverty ;
Lest pallid indigence may cringe and steal,
Or thankless pride may kick against thy will.
Feed me with food convenient, Lord, for me ;
But I would take my lot, my all from thee ;
Through watchful diligence and patience still,
I would life's noblest purpose here fulfil,
To wave in death a palm of victory—
Choosing the work by Providence assigned.
Yet grant, if Lemuel's prayer should be denied,
This lowlier one a calm contented mind—
Serene and cheerful still whate'er betide ;
And if to hoary hairs my steps are stayed,
Let me not fear to walk the deep'ning shade.

THE CAPTIVE DELIVERED.

THOU spotless Christ, thou self-devoted Lamb,
My ever precious paschal sacrifice,
Through whom, from guilt's dark night, unhurt I rise,
Thou art thine Israel's everlasting theme:
I live through thee, hid from the sword of flame
That hung above the gate of Paradise,
A soul redeemed from Egypt without price.
I would remember my deliverer's name,
The iron furnace, the oppressor's yoke,
The house of bondage and the miry clay,
The tyrant's shackles severed with a stroke,—
A ransomed captive, in the golden ray
Of freedom's sun, to track the moving cloud,
And with the dawn still feed on angel's food.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

IN the mid feast and revel of the night,
Belshazzar drank unto a thousand lords;
His golden lamp gleamed on a thousand swords
That flashed it back in waves of ruddy light.
Hushed is their frantic mirth, the marble white
Glows 'neath an angel's hand; as it records
With burning those undeciphered words,
The monarch trembles in his sore affright;
And his magicians, summoned to behold,
Grow pale in presence of that ghostly sign.
Where now their gods of silver and of gold?
Who shall declare the oracle divine?
Lo, Daniel reads; but ah, too late, too late!
The sword of Cyrus gleams within the gate.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

MARRED is Belshazzar's feast, their revels end;
Portentous signs gleam through the banquet hall—
A shadowy hand is writing on the wall.
Those burning characters together blend,
As if the letters veiled themselves when penned;
Their spectral forms inwreathed with lightnings pale,
And flashing fitful forth upon them all.
Belshazzar and his lords in horror bend
A thousand knees before their gods of gold;
Their tongues are fettered in their frantic fear.
In vain the wise those flaming words behold,
They cannot trace their changing outlines there—
But lo, while Daniel doth the writing read,
Belshazzar falls before the conquering Mede.

I SHALL SEE THE KING.

WHEN Time's dark veil uplifts its latest fold,
My raptured sight no more o'ershadowing,
Heaven's light divine shall to my vision bring
Surpassing glories, excellent, untold,—
The splendors of the Christ I shall behold,
That evermore the veilèd seraphs sing,—
The radiant throne and beauty of the King,
The true Messiah's shape of earthly mould ;
I for myself shall know, these eyes shall see.
Hail, glorious vision of that form so marred
More than the rest, when shall I come to thee ?
That brow unwreathed, those bleeding hands still scarred,
The vision of that face whose love, whose light,
Shall flood the soul with infinite delight.

THE PROPHET ON THE MOUNT.

GO thou, like Moses, to that mount of God,—
Like him commissioned from the burning bush—
Go, climb the veilèd mount through Nature's hush,
When all his majesty itself doth shroud,
And all his glory spreads itself abroad.
There, 'neath the throne-rays, in their dazzling rush,
Thy brow shall brighten with a living flush ;
As though his glory found a new abode.
There thou shalt see that perfect holy law,—
The image of His brightness and his grace—
The which when Sinai's favored prophet saw,
It flashed its brightness from his veilèd face ;
Thus shall Isaiah's coal thy lips inspire
To breathe their message with a tongue of fire.

THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE.

EARTH hath no desert waste so parched with drought,
No soil so scant above the granite rock,
But there the shepherd soon shall lead his flock;
The living waters there shall seek their route,
And through the soil the tender blade shall shoot.
Is there a land where joy herself doth shock?
Where her lone echoes linger but to mock?
A solitary place that seems from heaven shut out?
This shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;
The hour of fear, and famine's dismal wail
Shall be forgot in life's supreme repose:
The voice of song shall warble through each vale,
And every evening's sun, with smiling face,
Shall soothe the gentle twilight into peace.

JEREMIAH.

UNENVIED prophet of an iron age!
Who could the torrent of thy tears restrain?
Who could have thought that they must flow in vain?
Thy soul seemed bent on sorrow's pilgrimage,
And poured love's softest language o'er each page—
A nation profligate, the throne profane,
The seed of Joseph 'neath a foreign chain,
'Neath all the woes his weeping words presage.
Thou saw'st the courts of Solomon cast down—
The deep foundations of the temple razed—
His people scattered 'neath Jehovah's frown,
Their pride of beauty hopelessly effaced;
Yet thou hadst glimpses of that morning's ray,
When Christ should come and bring a brighter day.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

GIRT like the mountains with omnipotence,
They stood sublime in changeless fortitude,
Nor recked how near the flaming furnace stood,
Nor t' at they walked erect beneath the glance
Of the infuriate king; the while his lance
Gleamed in its rest, as if athirst for blood.
His image mocked before the multitude,
His claims arrested in their first advance—
The furnace heat rose sevenfold to assuage
Wrath's fiercer flame that circled round the throne.
Who shall deliver from the despot's rage,
The dauntless three, who fear their God alone?
Lo! Christ is there, the Christ of Galilee,
To walk the flames, as he hath walked the sea.

II.

THE furnace fires flashed out with sevenfold flame,
And seemed, like angry serpents, all aglow,
Their tongues of death swift darting to and fro,
To strike as lightnings with a blanching gleam—
The vile, they slew; the good, they wreathed with fame.
O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Where now your bonds, and where your mighty foe?
The Son of God this victory shall claim;
He, in the furnace, glorifies his power
And cools the blazing billows by his glance,
Then with his servants walks the molten floor:
While Persia's idols from his countenance,
Foredoomed to darkness in its fiery ray,
Like dross to ashes turning pass away.

DANIEL.

HARK to the wild accumulating roar
That fills with terror the tempestuous night!
Night's brow is black with storms, and the forked light,
Like serpent's fangs, doth rend it more and more;
While Babel trembles like the ocean shore.
Dark as the lion's lair; each sound, each sight,
The soul afflicts with wonder and affright.
Darius mourns; and, e'er the tumult's o'er,
Hastes to the den where Daniel rests in peace;
Calmly he sees the adoring prophet kneel,
Faith's inborn radiance beaming on his face—
The lions saw it as they crouched and fell,
And, in their native fierceness, helpless lay—
But rampant sprang his deadly foes to slay.

JONAH.

SWIFT through the angry depths of mighty waves,
My captor plunged in one abhorred descent,
And from the ocean's gulfs their curtains rent—
From portals dark and coral architraves,
Which never gleamed within these dismal caves,
Here the huge monsters of the deep are pent,
Which may not look on heaven's blue firmament,
Nor hear its thunder when the tempest raves,—
Hid in this horrid waste, all conscious still.
Earth, 'neath its bars, hath impress of its God;
The sea is subject to his sovereign will,—
Its depths were parted by the prophet's rod.
Oh bid this monster of the deep obey,
And list'ning Nineveh perchance shall pray!

NINEVEH.

CRUSHED in thy pride, proud city of the east,
Destruction's deepest gloom hath covered thee ;
O Nineveh, thine evil omens see !
One dread mirage of boundless deserts' waste
Pollutes thy sky, and takes thee to its breast ;
Deep hollow echoes, sounding like the sea,
Blend with the bittern's cry their prophecy ;
And from thy towers the list'ning serpents hissed.
" Yet forty days thou shalt be desolate,"—
Thus cried the prophet of the withered gourd ;
And lo, in sackcloth wrapt, they deprecate
The wrath divine, bowed by the prophet's word ;
Then death's dark angel sheathed his flaming brand,
And turned destruction's shadow from the land.

SION'S DEFENCE.

SION'S munition of the rocks shall be
A sure defence, enthroned above the shock
Of seas and winds, to dwell upon the rock,
The Rock of Ages, nor from thence to flee—
Hid in the cleft, to sing above the sea ;
At its deep base the waves each other mock,
They cannot shake the stronghold of the flock.
Great peace have they, O Lord, who dwell in thee ;
Lo, the great deep is subject to thy voice !
E'en when the mountain billows touch the skies,
There, in the God of Sion, they rejoice :
They shall not be afraid when storms arise.
I too shall sing, this abject helpless worm,
Safe in the Rock that's higher than the storm.

THE BALM OF GILEAD.

IS there no balm in Gilead? must we die?
Earth's stricken desert hath its millions pale
From every zone; is there no power to heal?
The heart throbs out its inner agony,
Its myriad voices lift the mighty cry,
The night winds breathe it through the far off vale,
Morn's mountain echoes fling it to the gale,
Doth not our God look down with pitying eye?
Behold the slaughtered Lamb, his pierced side,
Its fountain flowing as the winepress glows,—
A living stream since Christ was crucified;
Its power the same, forever more it flows,
As when the cross its virtues first revealed,
As when the dying saw it and were healed.

THE CENSER BEARERS.

GOD cannot change, he calls his own by name.
They stood between the living and the dead,
Their censer's flame was at his altar fed.
No venturous Korah there might rashly claim,
On such a scene, to fling his mimic gleam.
God's consecrated one his call obeyed,
Its incense pure, his burning censer shed
From fires fresh kindled at the altar's flame;
And there alone, before the plague, he stood
Where thousands would have perished with strange fire—
He knows them not, they have no trust in God;
Their prayers upon their doubting lips expire,—
Assuming souls, the bane of Nazareth,
They know the Christ, and yet they have no faith.

THE DEADLY BREACH.

THE throbbing air, all o'er the ensanguined field,
Strews with its gleams th' embattled crimson ditch,
There still the mighty carve in famous niche
Their conquering names, or bastards basely yield.
There all the servants of our God are sealed;
Each sod has grown illustriously rich;
There, foot to foot, within the deadly breach,
Still rings the glittering steel upon the shield
'Neath the white flag that shows the crimson cross,
And points which way to bear the Spirit's sword.
Fair float its folds that cannot suffer loss,
Inscribed with holiness unto the Lord.
Uplift this banner of the martyr host,
They love it best who for it suffer most.

THE DESCENT OF JOY.

O JOY! sweet seraph to whose silvery lute
The morning stars attuned creation's hymn,
Thou didst retire with the blest cherubim
When Eve had tasted the forbidden fruit,—
With heaven's full chorus on thy lips all mute,
Yet at long intervals through distance dim,
This earth hath heard, as at its outer rim,
Some notes so faint that we might still dispute
Their presence here, though voiced in prophecy.
Did Simeon woo thee from thine heavenly home,
And from thy throne above the jasper sea?
Or did'st thou hasten thence with Christ to come?
Hid in this Olive Branch to fold thy wing,
And, as at Nature's dawn, once more to sing.

THE MYSTERY DIVINE.

UNFATHOMED soul of mystery divine,
Thou dost sojourn beside the sacred ark;
Within the veil thou dost distinctly mark
All the revealings of that inner shrine,
O'er which the cherubim their wings incline.
Intent, methinks, to sound the unmeasured dark
Of boundless love—thou wert its kindling spark,
And all its brightness on thy brow did shine—
But still thou look'st upon the mercy-seat
As to the depths of an unfathomed sea;
And looking, thou dost bend, and bending, wait
To gather all its treasures up for me.
As 'neath the cherubim this glad heart sings,
O take and fold it in thine outspread wings!

GOD'S LAMB.

WHEN Abraham-like, his Isaac bound beneath,
Strict justice held the scimitar unsheathed
With wrath's bright gleaming round about enwreathed,
Then was the hour supreme of penal death,—
Of sevenfold vengeance and of sevenfold wrath.
Sin's whole desert that fiery sword hath bathed,
Of all who live or e'er on earth had breathed;
But when it pierced God's Lamb, and tinged the heath
Of dark Golgotha with his precious blood,
Then was the fount of mercy all unsealed,
And all its streams with plenteous grace o'erflowed;
Then were its depths to human thoughts revealed,
Till love's broad pinions in their loftiest flight
Circled this earth as with an arch of light.

THE NATIVITY.

WITH rapturous notes we hail redemption's morn,
Our God incarnate as the Christ is seen,
And boundless grace o'erflows the heavens serene
Poured through mid air, where Bethlehem's star doth burn,
Peace and good-will once more to earth return ;
The trembling shepherds on Judea's plain
Hear the glad heralds hymn, this sweet refrain —
"Glory to God ! the Saviour Christ is born"—
And though from far they sang their matin song,
Their notes rang out on earth full clear and loud ;
As if enraptured Æolus had hung
His harp within the rift of some fleet cloud,
Or David to his lyre's swept chords had poured
His inspirations fresh before the Lord.

II.

SUCH anthems angels in their worship know.
Hark ! how the music swells upon the sky
Wave after wave in faultless harmony,
The light notes rippling o'er them to and fro.
They sing the Christ, omnipotent below ;
They raise the glorious Messianic shout, —
Its floods of rapture lifted up on high
The empyrean, filling to the flow.
Thence o'er each Alpine height, in every zone,
That angel chant harmonious through the skies
Its echo of creation's hymn rolls on
In one grand chorus of the centuries ;
And 'neath the glory that from heaven descends,
Peace o'er the earth her olive branch extends.

THE STAR OF THE NATIVITY.

O BABE divine! in lowly couch embraced,
To honor thee a new created star
In heaven's arch did rein its fiery car;
It stood amazed to find thee so abased,
And with thy name upon its mirror chased,
Sprang to its orbit in the crystal air—
The herald of thy glorious advent here.
Never was herald's path so brightly traced.
Shine on as when with thee the cherubs rode,
Still singing, through the infinite abyss,
Eternal glory to the Lord our God,
Good-will to guilty man, and on earth peace.
Soar on, proclaim it in angelic verse
E'en to the margin of the universe.

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

I LOOKED at noon upon the boundless blue,
The cloudless sapphire of the firmament;
There all unseen, as 'neath a royal tent,
The stars do hide; and all that met my view
Was one vast blaze of glory through and through.
There seemed no rival through its whole extent,
Light was its substance and its complement.
Such is Christ's glory in its dazzling hue,—
The splendor of the Infinite. Behold!
The satellites of being pass away;
Thy fulness doth the universe infold,
And seraphim and cherubim obey.
Only Begotten of the One in Three,
Thou art the brightness of the Diety.

THE TEMPTATION.

THE Spirit's sword, a wide two-edgèd blade,
The Son of God unsheathèd for the fight,
To test its diamond point, all keen and bright.
Its flaming edge is of such temper made
That where it gleams its stroke may not be stayed.
With this the tempter's polished shield he smote;
This was the weapon of his conquering might,
And here its glorious virtues were displayed.
The Prince of Darkness quails before Christ's power.
Christ saw the snares prepared for innocence;
His living word alone in that dread hour
Shone like a sunbeam on each dark pretence;
And the Deceiver vanquished, put to shame,
Struck his vile banners, darkened in its gleam.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY prefers the hushed retreat,
And builds her altar by the world unseen,
Embowered in leafy shade of branches green;
With God alone she enters at its gate,
Through the still hours, on him alone to wait.
She hears the voice divine with soul serene,
And, through each trial, on the truth doth lean;
This makes the crooked paths of sorrow straight.
Resigned to be what suits the will divine,
In less, or more, or failure, or success,
She measures up beneath the testing line,
Yet is content to be considered less,—
Just to her greatness, calmly meets disgrace,
And loves, with Christ, to take the lowest place.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

CLEAR as the glassy stream still gliding by,
Which gives thy watery image, gentle Eve,
Fair as that image which its depths do give,
Thy spirit dwells beneath thy Maker's eye ;
And with thy mortal image it may vie.
Its purer depths the face of God receive,
And mirror forth the imprints it doth leave
To glad the angels when they hither fly.
Blest are the pure in heart, for they abide
Under the cloudless atmosphere of peace ;
They love the light, for there is nought to hide ;
They look, like Eve, to see an unveiled face,
And walk with God, through the still evening-time,
In lovelier groves than Eden's in their prime.

PRAISE IN HEAVEN.

I SAW the angel form erect of Praise,
With glowing countenance, her eye upturned,
The unveilèd throne, with Stephen's glance, discerned,—
Her lips apart, sent upward with that gaze
The rapturous notes of her ecstatic lays ;
Her peaceful spirit, that for sin had mourned
And in this sinful world had long sojourned,
Had fixed upon the Lamb its steadfast gaze,
In purest worship, as she poured her song,—
The lay itself a simple melody
Whose fervid notes were swiftly rolled along
Like wave on wave upon the open sea :
Till all heaven's shadowy cliffs with her rejoiced,
And all its hills were with her anthem voiced.

ABBA FATHER.

I HEAR a voice, like music from afar,
Which the low-breathing wind might softly bring
As o'er the lake he spreads his wandering wing;
It seems the music of the morning star,
It falls so gently on my raptured ear;
Or some sweet carol of the vocal spring
That from the distant hills seems echoing.
Hush! 'tis the voice of God I inly hear;
He speaks his own unutterable name—
Like light from darkness at the noon of night,
The quick'ning sound upon my spirit came,—
And still 'tis here, and doth itself incite,
Doth syllable his name divinely nigh
With such assurance sweet, and ceaselessly.

THE LILY.

HEAR him, ye anxious toilers of the night,
Working the long day out, the gray of light in,
Whose brow in sleep seems shadowed from within—
He clothed that lily in the morning light,
And there it stood all gleaming in his sight.
It toils! no never, neither doth it spin,
Nor woven were its silken threads for gain.
Who gave that halo tinge of sunnier white?
E'en kings are not arrayed in robes like these;
And yet it falls and withers at thy feet,—
The frailest, fairest, of earth's images.
When wilt thou learn its lessons to repeat,
And trust the Power munificent, which gave
Such priceless treasures just to bloom and fade?

THE FALLOW GROUND.

PRESSED by the ceaseless tread of busy feet,
My parchèd, fruitless soul is beaten hard;
None sow the seed because the ground is marred,—
'Twould strike like hail that on the rock doth beat,
And only tempt the passing birds to eat.
The ploughman's labor here hath no reward;
The furrowed earth for seed was not prepared;
And all lies fallow 'neath the summer heat.
Ah, Lord! I would that this were tallow ground.
Send, send a gracious rain, thy spirit give;
Though late, e'en here might gracious fruit be found.
Just now thy precious words I would receive.
Oh let this flinty waste in furrows break,
And from this rock a plenteous harvest take.

THORNY GROUND.

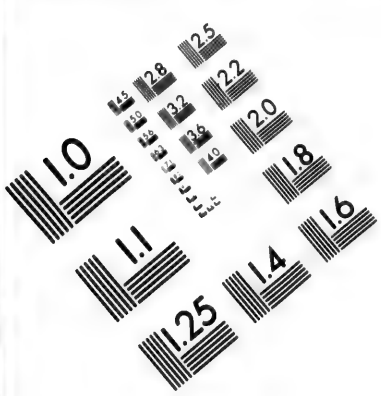
BEHOLD the thorny ground! the weeds grow rank
In the deep soil that holds the precious seed;
Its thistle-down floats over all the mead,—
Oh it were better that 'twere all a blank,
Than that such soil—rich as the river's bank—
Should give its strength such evil weeds to feed,
And choke the fruitful plants we so much need.
Earth's juices rich, the nightly dews they drank
Would make a plenteous harvest of this blight—
Where not a sheaf is gathered from the field.
Pluck up those thrifty weeds, let in the light,
Thus shall this barren thorny ground be healed;
Haste thee, O haste, there's but one seeding time.
Why should thy sickle lack its harvest hymn?

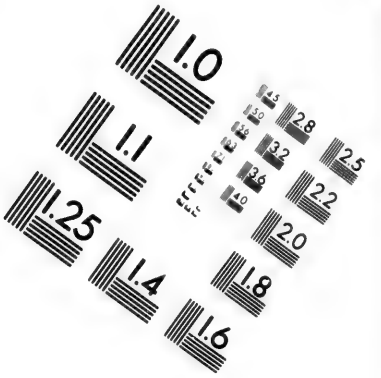
STONY GROUND.

ABOVE the rock no depth of soil was found,
Yet there the seeds of grace did quickly spring
And up to ripeness seemed their fruit to bring;
For the sweet calm of heaven did all surround,
And joy herself seemed breathing in each sound.
But when the clouds outspread their sable wing
And the quick flame amid the thunder's ring,
Rent the tall oak, and ploughed the neighboring ground—
The smitten plant, like an untimely flower,
Drooped though unhurt, and withered where it grew,—
The stricken victim of the trying hour,—
A feeble stalk that trembled 'neath the dew;
No vigorous root went down with circling fold
Deep in the fruitful earth to take its hold.

GOOD GROUND.

I SEE the ripened field of golden grain
Bend 'neath the harvest moon its rolling waves,
As if to yield the treasures that it gives;
I hear the rustling ears above the plain
Tell of the precious seed and plenteous rain;
Silent they bow to meet the sickled sheaves,
As sheaf on sheaf the reaper's praise receives.
Methinks the angels there might sing unseen
And lay such treasures in their gathered heap;—
No stain of blight, no marring weeds are there,—
Only the precious fruits that angels reap,—
Such as the Master when he shall appear,
Some thirty, sixty, some an hundredfold,
Shall bind for heaven, and treasure as they're told.





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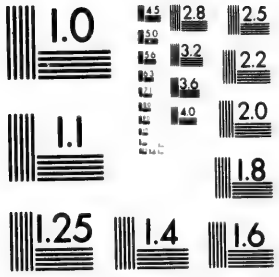

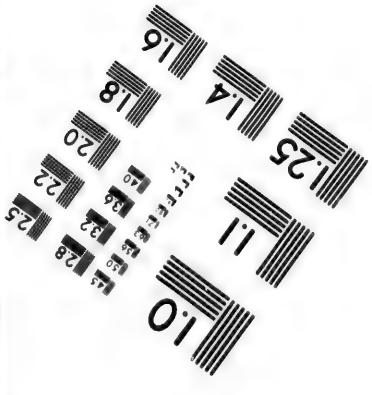

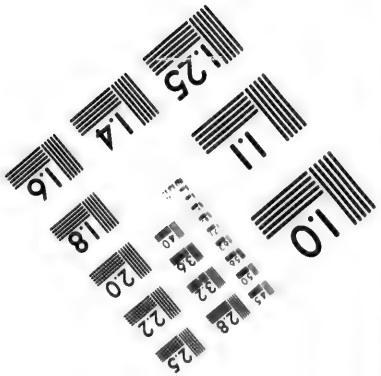

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ZACCHEUS.

HE calls thee now on whom thy soul doth call.
From the omniscient eye of him who taught,
Thou art not hid ;—in stature of thy thought,
Thou art conspicuous as kingly Saul'
Among the prophets, and though great withal,—
Wert thou not he that in the temple smote
That sinful breast in which repentance wrought?—
That Publican whose humbled eyes did fall
So meekly on the earth, the while his cry
Was piercing highest heaven with holy prayer?—
While mercy looked on him with kindling eye,
Though the proud Pharisee despised him there.
Haste Zaccheus, haste, for He who calms thy breast
Doth call thee now and He will be thy guest.

LIVING FAITH.

O SON of God, thou art the God of power!
The laws of Nature have their source in thee,
They find their channels in thy Sovereignty,
And wait alone on thee through every hour,—
In the tornado or the gentle shower—
In the fixed mountains or the rolling sea,—
This, when the meek centurion once did see,
His mighty faith on angel wing did tower.
"Speak only, Lord, my servant shall be healed ;
I am not worthy to behold thy face ;
What I command my servants is fulfilled,—
What thou dost will must instantly take place."
O for that true disciple's living faith
That simply asks, and what it asks it hath.

NATHANIEL.

THOU Lord dost see the contrite spirit's sighs,
The darkness hideth not at all from thee,—
Nor the deep solitude of earth or sea,—
No mantling cloud beneath the circling skies
Could screen Nathaniel's secret from thine eyes ;—
And lo, where'er he bows the trembling knee,—
Where'er his sighs lift up the sinner's plea,
Thou wilt not quench his smoking sacrifice.
This is my hope as singly I draw nigh ;
And 'neath the fig tree's shade would wait alone
On him who heard that secret worshipper,
And sent such blest assurance from his throne,—
Here still to find in shades, Nathaniel trod,
His secret place of intercourse with God.

THE FIG TREE.

CHRIST sees the fig tree covered o'er with leaves,
Its quivering leaflets with the dews are wet ;
The gathering time for fruitage is not yet.
This fertile field doth bear the golden sheaves,
And yet that tree the expectant eye deceives,—
'Tis an appearance and a counterfeit,—
Its empty branches shame the rivulet,
With which its cumbrous root it interweaves.
Nothing but leaves, a breathing foliage
That withers where it grew, and in the storm
Just tells which way the cruel tempest rage,—
And through the drift each leaflet's whirling form
Drops to the dust, itself as dark and drear,
Amid the eddying winds which riot there.

MOUNT TABOR.

CHRIST called the chosen three to Tabor's height
The splendors of his power to behold ;
There he his own insignia unrolled,—
His face more radiant than the star of night
Seemed, like the sun, insufferably bright,—
His robe was changed until it shone like gold,
Or like the brightness that it did infold,—
Transfigured into light, for God is light,
Veiled in the glory of that wondrous cloud—
The symbol cloud of Majesty supreme.
Hear him, O earth, hear thou the Son of God !
Veiled with both wings, hear him, ye seraphim,—
Whose words the mirror of his truth and grace
Show the glad tidings of the Prince of Peace.

CHRIST'S TEARS.

SAW ye his flowing tears that dropped like pearls ?
On Olivet and Bethany they fell.
Heard ye the rhythm of their simple tale ?—
Methinks their language in each streamlet purls,
Breathed from each murmuring ripple as it curls,
Heard when the sounding tide doth gently swell
As if in air their harmony might dwell.
E'en where the deep its thund'ring billow hurls,
There is a tender touching undertone
That breathes the music of a human tear ;
As if it heard his footsteps, sad and lone,
And the hushed waves of Galilee were near.
Wherever sorrow's silent foot hath erred,
Methinks their voice of sympathy is heard.

LEAD ME TO THE LIGHT.

LORD, thou didst give the darkened eyeball sight.
Guide thou my steps as thou didst lead the blind.
Create the power of vision in my mind,
And chase those shrouding shadows of the night.
Hold thou my hand and lead me to the light,
That in thy purest glory all enshrined
The essence of thy truth I too may find,—
The shadeless splendor of the infinite—
That with thy saints I too may comprehend
The depth, and height, and breadth of love divine,
Whose rays beyond these solar rays extend,
And ever did, and evermore shall shine.
Show me that glory flooding from above,
Filled with the fulness of eternal love.

THE PRODIGAL.

A HOMELESS prodigal, I perish here ;—
Night's saddest outcast 'neath this firmament.
How like this tattered garb my soul is rent,
Worn out and stained in life's thronged thoroughfare.
These husks the swine do eat, I may not share.
Oh, might I look to heaven,—might I repent—
Naught else my utter ruin can prevent.
Can these vile lips present themselves in prayer?
Or speak of home? I will arise and go.
"My Father, I have sinned, like Esau, sold
For sin's vile pottage all my hopes below,—
Trampled thine honored name with crimes untold :
Only receive, and as thy servant own,
I am not worthy to be called thy son.

OUT OF THE FOLD.

'MID crooked paths and thorns, in mute despair,
Trembling and torn, I'm bleeding and alone,
A straying feeble lamb, a weary one,
Far out upon the mountains, bleak and bare.
No shadowing rock, no pastures green are here,
The mount is blazing 'neath the rays of noon :
The sheltered flocks into their folds have gone,
Far from the shepherd's voice, the shepherd's care,—
A wand'ring sheep out of the fold and lost,
Lo, the wild wilderness hath shut me in.
Full oft the shepherd's voice my path hath crossed,
But now I sink, I perish in my sin,—
Hush ! I will hearken where the soft winds soar,
Shall I not hear his gentle voice once more ?

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

WHENCE is this roar of tumult's angry note,
Like stormy waves upon an ocean reef ?
Whence have they brought this anguished homeless waif ?
Since on her ear their accusations smote,
Her dark dishevelled locks around her float
Sprent with hot tears through which her frantic grief
Sobs out in vain : the multitude are deaf.
Her trembling soul some hope of mercy caught
From the rebuke that through Christ's glance had burned
To wither her accusers in its light.
Her grief to penitence so quickly turned,
His soul was touched with pity at the sight ;
And as that prayer its trembling accents bore
He heard and answered, "Go, and sin no more."

THE SOWER.

YE who go forth to tread the fallow field
And sow with many tears the precious seed,
Fear not the burning drought, or springing weed,
The germ that's in the living plant concealed,
Its ears of increase plenteously shall yield;
And ye shall see with joy, the furrowed mead
With ripening grain bow down its golden head,—
The harvest moon spread o'er it like a shield,—
While all the twinkling stars above it roll.
And ye shall see the gates of morning laugh,
As angels lengthen out the glorious scroll
Where bending sheaves are numbered sheaf on sheaf.
Cast in your seed, ye weeping ones; ere long
The angels shall ring out your harvest song.

BETHANY.

THOU tear-dropt mount of sacred Bethany,
From thee the stone is rent that grief hath rolled;
And on thee first Christ's tears we may behold;—
His love divine, his human sympathy,
Lifting thee up that all the earth may see—
And hear those wondrous words thou hast enscrolled.
Those heights are lit with glories manifold
Where Lazarus walks revived, O Christ, by thee—
To hush the sorrows that thou couldst not hear.
O light of Bethany, thou dost abide
Near every tomb above which falls a tear,—
Down by the fallen sufferer side by side—
To weep with those who weep, to gild the grave,
The mighty God, to sympathize and save.

CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL.

ERE yet the evening's hallowed hour was gone,
As the pale twilight softly o'er him fell,
A weary traveller sat on Jacob's well,—
Himself the fount of life through whom alone
The treasures of the Godhead's glory shone.
Ere yet they knew that name unspeakable,
There was a fragrance round him that did tell
Of Sharon's Rose,— the True Eternal One,—
Light of Samaria,—God of truth and grace.
The wond'ring angels pressed about his feet;—
Samaria's daughter hath an angel's place,
She gave him drink, and there in converse sweet
She found the Christ who did her soul redeem
And drank the water of a living stream.

TABOR.

O YE who stand as if on Tabor's height,
In whom the flesh doth seem a veil so thin
We see Christ's glory beaming from within,
Ye, like your glorious head enshrined in light,
Almost transfigured in our dazzled sight,
Are speaking of the cross with soul serene,
And of the martyr's crown ye long to win.
Whence? What are these, ye ask, arrayed in light?
They seem like jewels round the jasper throne.
Did they not pass through tribulation's fires,
And drink the bitter cup of death alone?
Methinks in death ye see them grasp their lyres,
To catch the notes triumphant angels bring,
And scale heaven's battlements with them to sing.

CHRIST AT NAIN.

HARK to the dirge within the gates of Nain!
Its notes are heard above the measured tread
Of woe too weighty to be comforted,—
Like Eve's great anguish o'er the sin of Cain,—
Or Rachel weeping for her loved ones slain.
Nain's stricken widow, by a stranger led,
Weeps for her only son, her Isaac,—dead.
Christ heard her piercing cries, and not in vain,
He stayed the mourners, as he touched the bier;
And, with the God-light kindling in his eye,
E'en through the nimbus of a human tear,
He spoke in tones like those at Bethany;
And, by a word, he to the widow gave
Her only son, her Lazarus, from the grave.

JACOB'S WELL.

AT Jacob's well, lo, Jacob's God doth wait;
His burning feet, the cleaving dust doth stain;—
Is this the common dust of Sychar's plain?
Loosed from their sandals, in this feverish heat,
Those blessèd feet, do they aweary beat?
Are they so restless, that to rest seems vain,
With naught to end, or mitigate their pain?—
And these blest lips whose accents are so sweet,—
Those founts of peace, are they dried up with thirst
As thus he sits alone on Jacob's Well
Samaria's traveller, oh, thou living Christ!
Art thou not found upon the wayside still,
To wait for those who seem to need thee most,
And stay the erring footsteps of the lost?

DEATH.

OF death, O Lazarus, what dost thou know?
Say, didst thou sound the darkness of the tomb?
Didst thou not tremble 'neath its horrid dome?
Couldst thou not hear the thunder, muttered low,
That shocks the soul of silence down below?
And breathe, 'mid odors of the heavy loam,
The icy dampness of death's changeless home?—
Nay: these are phantoms of illusive woe,
'Tis here that hope casts in her precious seed
And trusts Christ's golden harvest for the grain;
And, if its germ of shadowing death hath need,
We know this loss will bring a glorious gain,
Reaped by that angel who shall rock the deep
And rend the tomb to break its dreamless sleep.

THE PUBLICAN.

GOD be merciful, a sinner pleads;
My constant sighs lift up my humble prayer;
I do not lift mine eyes to heaven, nor dare—
Doomed by the scroll my quickened conscience reads.
I know the record of my sinful deeds,
And in thy courts, O God, I thus appear,
Crushed by the conscious tyranny of fear;
This breast I smite, but 'tis the soul that bleeds—
Its stains are darker than the sackcloth is.
I am undone, O God; I do repent;
Behold my anguish in my trembling knees!
Thine house doth shield the truly penitent,—
Its bleeding paschal lamb, by faith I see,
That spotless Lamb provided, Lord, by thee.

THE TROUBLING OF THE WATERS.

MICHAEL! thou who once, by God's command,
O'er the bright waters of Bethesda breathed.
When troubled Siloam was all enwreathed
In healing power, for Sion thus to stand,
As Nature's type of Christ, so near at hand;—
Not, as when o'er Assyria, all unsheathed,
The sword of Justice to the hilt was bathed,
And proud Sennacherib felt the blighting brand,
Dost thou now come,—nor as when from the cloud
The Lord looked out and troubled Pharaoh's host,
Dost thou fling back the Red Sea on the proud;—
Like mercy's angel, now to save the lost,
All in the Shiloh's healing virtues clad,
Thou dost come down to make thine Israel glad.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

HIS open countenance, serene and fair,
Radiant with truth, arrays itself in light;
As if his soul shone out on human sight.
His thoughts are pure as honey dropping clear;
His words, like dewdrops, sparkle everywhere—
Like his unspotted robes, all snowy white,
Their star-born radiance glistens in the night
Of deepest sorrow and of direst fear.
Friend of the friendless—like a shadowing rock
When lightnings flash and tempests are abroad,—
Himself unsheltered in the deadly shock
Of warring elements that round him trod.
This shepherd found his lamb, his love he told,
And on his bosom bore it to the fold.

DIVES.

PIERCING this starless night and vault of death,
Its horrors of great darkness as they rise,
And yon fixed gulf, I lift my weary eyes,
And, from its granite edge with blasted heath,
Glance up to God's right hand from hell beneath,
From Abraham's lips, I hear those dread replies ;—
There, white-robed Lazarus, in his bosom lies,—
In Hades I, beneath this storm of wrath.
Thus doomed, this fruitless tree dropped out of time :
And as it fell, it lies a helpless mass,
That rots upon itself :—for me no chime
Of Sabbath bells, no penitence, no peace,
Woe's flood foams on in ruin's pale attire,
Life's light to quench,—but not its hidden fire.

II.

I HEAR faint echoes from the distant peak
Of desolation's mount ; they seem the cry
Of coming cycles heralded on high,
Through boundless circles round its summit bleak ;
And, as from distance infinite, they speak
In deep'ning accents, ever as they fly,—
They say, " We come," and yet they come not nigh ;—
Their evolutions widening, as they take
The sphere of an eternity unknown,
To touch the limits of the infinite.
I grasp as I would measure them alone,
Then, shrinking back, o'erwhelmed at the sight,
I hear the hollow depths where roll the spheres,
Laugh at my purpose and the vanished years.

DIVES.

THEY search me now,—the sharp, quick-plunging prongs
Of hatred's harrow, striking deep to find,
And rend my better memories from my mind:
Fell spirit, cease! thou hast a thousand tongues
To marshal life's immedicable wrongs,
Or probe with venomed thought, or words unkind,
The lacerated wounds which I would bind.
Why wouldst thou smite as with a thousand thongs,
That eat the flesh and sink into the soul?
But this proud nerve is motionless in pain,
And frowns defiance while the thunders roll,—
Showing its brand as did the brow of Cain.
What though these lips should all their lightnings quaff,
Ablaze with anguish, blasted, they would laugh!

CALVARY.

VEILED in the darkness, hail, thou cross-crowned mount,
Thou rugged, bleeding, blessed Calvary!
What living thoughts start up at sight of thee?
Where are the ages as their wrecks I count,
Since the first sin unsealed the deepest fount
Of the great deep of guilt's unbounded sea,
That, like the deluge, drowns humanity.
How like the deluge as its waters mount
Vexed by a thousand storms, its surges rise,—
No human might can battle with their rage,—
Earth's proudest height beneath their swelling lies:
There is no port, no sheltered anchorage;
But, like the ark, above that voiceless grave
This cross-crowned mount stands high above the wave.

LAZARUS.

O MAMMON! call not poverty a crime,
It oft doth flow from an afflicted state;—
A princely soul lay at the rich man's gate.
His days were cast upon an evil time.
And Christ breathed out this narrative sublime
That for all ages he might thus create
A parable to shame the inhuman state
That hath no lazar-house, whate'er its clime,—
No gentle hand, no eye, Aurora-like,
To pierce the glooms of human misery,—
Those furrows dark where friendless outcasts weak,
Like homeless beasts must lay them down to die.
Since Christ the beggar's wrongs with heaven redressed.
How rich the poor, how blessèd is their rest!

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

OUT on the highway where the wounded are,
Know only thou their peril and their pain;
In pity's name, their burning temples fan,
Uplift the fallen with the hand of power.
Go thou; behold, thy brother man is there
Where Israel's priests and Levites pass the slain;
In deeds, be thou the good Samaritan,
And on their wounds the healing unction pour.
Haste thou the deepest founts of grace to quaff,
That all may seek them where thy lips have sought.
Haste thou to sift from the unwinnowed chaff,
The priceless grain his precious blood has bought;
Till every sheaf is gathered on the field,
And all the servants of our God are sealed.

GO, AND SIN NO MORE.

THROUGH the dim hours, 'mid phantoms of unrest,
When the weird night crept through the willows gray,
Hid from the moonlight, in the shadows, lay
A withered leaf, that was the shadows' guest ;—
With dappled gleams of sorrow on its breast,—
Its greenness gone, that quivered in the ray
Of golden sunshine through the summer's day, —
A trampled leaf, in loneliness unblest,
Too green to fall, 'twas broken from the stem.
Its morning dews were darkened into tears,
And on its cheek there seemed the blush of shame.
Frail outcast, crushed as by a thousand fears,
Christ heard thy trembling knock at mercy's door ;
And softly answered, "Go, and sin no more."

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

THE Son of God on earth did once appear,—
Th' Eternal loosed his changeless zone of light,
Implunged in depths of distance infinite.
His temple's glow grew pale as evening's star,
For us bedimmed, our abject state to share.
His modest form concealed his matchless might,—
It had no comeliness in mortal sight,—
Marred by the sorrows suffered for us here.
Earth's desert heath pressed round his lowly brows,
And touched with dewless lips his parchèd mouth ;
Whence wisdom's vintage, that divinely glows,
Poured from his lips the wine of living truth ;—
His poet's lips, their mighty numbers roll
Adown the ages still, to glad the whole.

I GO AWAY.

"WHY are ye sad? I needs must go away.
O blessed Master, why from us? how long?
We are so feeble, and our foes so strong
They come as when a tempest strikes a spray
To take the trembling leafage as a prey.
While with us here, hast thou not suffered wrong?
E'en as when David stood his flocks among,
And a fierce lion met him in the way,—
Therefore we cry to thee, our shepherd king,
Thy little flock that follows thee, thine own.
Thy presence is the rock to which we cling.
Where could we hide, on earth, if left alone?
Sorrow hath filled our hearts, thy words we plead.
O Lord, thou wilt not break the bruisèd reed!

THE TEARS OF OLIVET.

BEHOLD, the glance of that all-seeing eye!
Sadly, it kindles on the ether blue,
Holding the heights of Sion full in view;
While Justice flames within the dark'ning sky.
Is not the season of the vintage nigh?—
The grapes ungathered ripen through and through.
How long, O Lord, the Holy One and True,
Till thou avenge thy slaughtered saints on high?
Thus angel legions sang the martyrs' hymn,
While Jesus wept on dusky Olivet;
He saw his Sion through the shadows dim,—
His people doomed,—his temple desolate.
He sorrowed not that he himself should bleed,
He wept for whom he could not intercede.

THE TEARS OF OLIVET.

O WONDROUS tears, whose revelations sealed
The wid'ning circle of night's ebon dome,
Tinged with the hue his raiment did assume,
Blood-red ye rolled, before his grief was healed.
Stripped of the brooding wings that were its shield,
A desolation shrouded for the tomb,
He sees Jerusalem, his temple home,
In ruin wrapt, gleam like a gory field ;—
Blood stains its mountain verdure to its crest
And floods the plains where crimson'd Kedron lies ;—
And weeping Rachel smites her anguished breast
On dark Golgotha o'er the sacrifice.
He sees the vengeance that she could not stem,
And suffers still for those he must condemn.

CHRIST'S LOWLINESS.

WHY wash their feet, O thou Incarnate Love,
Whose blessèd hands for higher works are meet ?
I see thee bowed at thy disciple's feet ;
The work itself thy lowliness doth prove.
Methinks the angels, wond'ring, stood above ;
As thou for each, ere thou wouldst take thy seat,
Didst first this sovran act of love repeat.
Blest pattern this, that heaven and earth doth move
At first to imitate, then comprehend,—
How full of grace, thou lowly Son of God,—
And Judas' feet, as if he were a friend,—
Those faithless feet that on dark errands trod.
Oh can it be ? did Judas ill requite
Thy grace and love and goodness infinite ?

PETER'S DENIAL.

O FAITHLESS Peter, why inflict this pang?
The thankless myriads healed, the raisèd dead,
Have they not all forsaken him and fled?
Meek, faultless Lamb! he felt the sharp, rude fang
Of deadly hate; his hour of darkness rang
With accusations false, and as it sped,
His piercèd spirit, like his temples, bled.
This was the hour exulting demons sang,
And hoped to celebrate forevermore,—
Ah, why deny him here? his anguished brow
Hath scarcely smoothed the furrows that it bore
In sad Gethsemane. He hears thee now,
And silent Hesper, o'er the foam-wreathed sea,
Ne'er looked so sad as when Christ looked on thee.

THE DYING THIEF.

PEACE, dying thief, thine eye is on Christ's cross,
Christ's blood that sprinkles all for thee doth flow.
Though red like crimson, thou art white as snow.—
A welge of gold beneath dark heaps of dross,
This peerless gain doth cancel years of dross.
Did mercy's sovran wing ere light so low?
Her pinions touch the vestibule of woe.
Had Judas seen, he had not swept across
The broad black gulf; but ah! his sun has set.
Peace, dying thief, Christ doth remember thee:
I hear his gracious voice,—Oh might there be
Such blest assurance of my cancelled debt
As through the shadows of the grave I rise
To claim Christ's fellowship in Paradise.

JUDAS.

TINGED by a yellow gleam from heaps of gold,
His furrowed brow, seared by his burning brain,
Is deeper stamped than was the brow of Cain.
It was not envy; Judas basely sold
For love of gain the Prince of life. Behold!
Christ's crown of thorns, his garment's crimson stain,
His lamb-like patience in his mortal pain!
His sad Gethsemane enough had told
Without the cross or mocking multitude.
Stay, though thy lips—those lips that touched his own
Are all aflame with base ingratitude,
Rend not the portals of the dread unknown!
Why headlong plunge into the dark abyss
To hear the serpents of perdition hiss?

THE LAST SOLILOQUY OF JUDAS.

YON crimson sun, that sinks into the west
As if in setting it were bathed in blood,
Seems like an emblem of the Lamb of God.
Do the thick shades of death in folds, unblest,
Lie like those clouds upon his mantled breast?
Oft at his word the highest heavens were bowed;
Oft 'mid his foes invisible he stood,
While they seemed fixed as the dull earth they pressed,—
I thought he would have mocked their cruel hate.
Godlike he stood, in majesty divine,
But now he strangely stoops to meet his fate.
His purpose fixed, he will his life resign.
Cursed lips that moved to slay him with a kiss,
What is the fate of perfidy like this?

REMORSE OF JUDAS.

THROUGH guilt's hot furnace, on its depths I gaze ;
Its glistering flames seem white, as if they caught
The sheen of that for which my soul was bought :—
Love's trembling lip doth seem to fan the blaze.
Glow not so keenly bright, ye arrowy rays
Of soul-consuming desolating thought !
Perdition's flames, methinks, are not so hot.
That kiss,—Oh how it burns ! so basely it betrays.
I hear the upbraidings of his gentle voice.
Let vengeance plunge his weapon to the hilt.
Annihilation, come, hast thou no dark device
To quench the blushings of the blood I spilt ?
Thrice cursed woe, forevermore to be,
How shall I bear this deathless infamy ?

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

WEAK nature shudders at the lettered stone,
Shocked by the thought ; as when, with quickened breath,
We feel in life the chilling touch of death.
When the last foothold on life's plank is gone,
She dreads the void, invisible unknown,—
The haunted valley of the shadowed path,—
To walk the waters of the floods of death.
Who would not fear to traverse them alone ?
Nay, there's the Shepherd of the heavenly fold,
We fear no evil by our Shepherd's side ;
His rod and staff attend us as of old ;
His hands and feet proclaim the crucified ;
Death seems a shadow only 'neath his smile,
And angel voices through the valley thrill.

HE HATH ABOLISHED DEATH.

CHRIST'S dying words the solid granite rent,
They shook the marble citadel of death,
And all his realm throughout its length and breadth;
The heavens grew black in mute astonishment:
And, in the sable depths of that dark tent,
Christ slew the monster in the depths beneath,
Thrilling the mountains and the rocking heath.
Wherever death our scattered dust had pent,
His power was smitten in his own domain,—
His bands were snapped e'en in the sepulchre;
And as from death Christ, conquering, rose again,
A weight of boundless rapture bowed heaven's choir
In ecstasies too golden to be given,—
Too great to speak, and silence was in heaven.

DEATH IS YOURS.

DEATH mars our clay, he cannot change life's cast,
He only makes life's type unchangeable,
On the closed volume sets his final seal,
And gives our grosser ashes to the blast:
For when the martyr's agony is past,
His virtues live 'neath death's transparent veil,
And oft they seem the brighter for the foil
In which they're set upon his sable breast.
Ye martyred saints, where is the sting of death?
Hath he not set your white-robed spirits free?
Death lost his sting upon the crimson heath,
And now is yours; for death is victory.
Exult in God, and there with veiled wings
Stand 'neath the throne-light, near the King of kings.

CHRIST ASCENDING.

AND, as they wait, behind the veil descends
That diamond pure of empyrean glow,—
The great white throne of our Jehovah Jah ;
The seven-hued rainbow fair above it bends
And flings its glory downward, as it blends
With glist'ning pearls strowed o'er his robes of snow,
And on that countenance, so marred below.
Thus throned in light the Son of God ascends,
Crowned on his chariot throne as King of kings,
With hosts that form a countless multitude ;—
The guardian cherubs lifting up their wings
To mount on high, as once on Chebar's flood.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
Be ye lift up for him whom heaven awaits !

WHY STAND YE GAZING ?

WHAT meant their wondering, keen, entrancèd gaze,
Fixed on that passing cloud, whose leaden ledge
Changed into dazzling brightness to the edge ?
Did they expect their eyes in blest amaze—
As when Elisha looked—should catch the blaze
Of marshalled legions round their risen liege ?
Did they await the heavenly sign, the pledge,
That Israel now her promised realm should seize,
Supreme among the nations as of old,
Ruled by their David's mightier, nobler son,
Whose princely gifts should make a reign of gold
To all who clustered round his peerless throne ?
Ye pitying angels, wake their dreaming ear
To grander notes than those of coming war ?

THE ASCENSION.

GOD is gone up; his choral host doth sing;
Heaven's harp attuned, the joy divine outpours
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors?
Lift up your heads for your ascending King!
His is the radiance that the morn doth bring,
When darkness flies before the sunlit hours,
And joy awakes amid the op'ning flowers.
Heard ye those words whose everlasting ring
Is echoing still where Olivet is throned?
It was the voice ye heard beside the sea,
With Sinai's thunder 'neath its instant sound;
As when he hushed the waves of Galilee.
It thunders now, 'neath banners all unfurled,
Go ye and preach my gospel to the world.

PENTECOST.

COME, with the rushing wind and tongues of fire
And sit on each of us,—a heavenly flame—
A beam of glory from the Eternal Beam.
O bring the inexpressible desire
Of burning zeal, the words it doth inspire:
Bring Stephen's radiant mantle with the glow
That from the inner shrine of glory came,—
A flame that wrapt his sacrifice entire,
And found Elijah's chariot way to heaven.
Breathe now again, thou Spirit all divine,
And let the fervor of pure love be given,
With or without its ancient fiery sign.
Oh, let the power of Pentecost appear
And send th' eternal, grand, Sabbatic year.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

HOW blest the fellowship of those who meet
Within thy hallowed courts thine altars near;
There, as on Tabor's height, the saints appear
In silent rapture, Saviour, at thy feet,—
Like thy disciples who on thee did wait:
The exceeding brightness of thy glory there
O'erpowers our feeble strength, too great to bear;
So pure the joys, so clear the heavenly light,
So full, so deep, the flow of sacred peace:—
How dear the intercourse of such an hour!
'Tis as the glory of the Holy Place
O'ershadowed by the symbol of thy power,—
Or as when Solomon before thee prayed,
Awed by the light in which he was arrayed.

MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN.

HEAR ye the vengeful rush of murd'rous feet?
Red wrath and hate, and calumny and strife,
Sweep onward there in one resistless flood.
The zealot's rage is like the sweep of fate;
Yet doth the martyr stand erect, elate,
To pity moved; how like the Son of God,
When he alone the purple winepress trod!—
It was his gentleness that made him great.
Thus Stephen bleeds; methinks I see him kneel,
With vesture stained, to breathe that wond'rous prayer,
Lifting his dying glance within the veil,
The Christ to view; where angel bands prepare
To shout him welcome, when 'tis rent in twain,
And give a martyr's triumph to the slain.

AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE.

SEE there the unfolding of the pearly gate,
Where martyred Stephen in his flaming car,
With fiery steeds, darts upwards from afar.
Wide op'ning inward to the golden street,
The massive portal doth itself retreat;
The circling ranks of thrones in wid'ning sphere,
The adoring seraphim who worship there,
Heaven's dread magnificence in silence wait:
And expectation, bathed in dazzling light,
Bends all its rays upon the martyr's crown,
And then upon the martyr just in sight,
To hail him welcome to his glorious throne.
Lo, there he stands in mute abstraction meet,
And lays his honours at his Saviour's feet.

PHILIP'S VISIT TO SAMARIA.

THEN was the city glad, thrilled through and through
With rapturous joy; a thousand lines of light
Lit up each countenance in Philip's sight
While he was preaching Christ, the Christ they knew.
They had remembrance of Christ's interview
So late at Jacob's Well, and could recite
The gracious words with which he did invite
To Shiloh's stream, more precious than the dew;
And now they drank full deep this living stream
Whose flow had tinged the sacrificial knife.
They found its virtue in Christ's living name,
And slaked their thirst from the pure well of life.
Exultant city, those were blessed hours,
Great was thy joy; Oh might such joy be ours!

ONE WITH CHRIST.

UNJUSTLY scourged, in scorn, and pain, and loss;
Uplifted from the earth to bear his name,
To grasp his glory in his death of shame,—
Thus crucified with Christ upon his cross,
Earth's wealth, and pride, and pleasure are but dross,—
Like Dagon fallen, on me they have no claim,
They perish all in love's consuming flame,—
What things were gain to me, I trample thus.
Now, Lord, I live in all redeemed to thee,
Not I, but Christ alone in me shall live,
And thy whole image shall be seen in me,
And my whole being to my Lord I give.
All, all my bliss I take from thee alone,
And thou art mine, and in thee we are one.

SAUL'S CONVERSION.

ONE white, intense, insufferable beam,—
As from the centre of the throne of light,—
Flashed thence resistless on his darkened sight.
It met his vision like the lightning's gleam,
'Twas the full glory of the slaughtered Lamb,—
His temples pierced,—his eye serenely bright,—
His crimsoned wound beneath his vesture white,—
All those memorials dear that heaven doth claim,
Which later held his soul in glorious trance,
Which gleamed on Moses through the riven rock.
Full soon subdued 'neath that all conquering glance,—
Though once his name was echoed but to mock,—
Now with Christ's uttered sigh pierced through and through—
What wilt thou, Lord? he cries; what shall I do?

I AM IN A STRAIT.

THY thoughts are riven, Paul; thou dost unfold
The mental conflict that thou dost maintain;
Thou wouldst depart, 'tis needful to remain;
For there are lambs still feeble in the fold,
And there are sheep ungathered on the wold.
But all thy worthier nature pants to gain
A second vision of the Christ once slain.
Oh, if with Stephen's glance, thou couldst behold
And drop these outward senses in his light,
And bear the brightness of his rays unshorn,—
The glory of that beatific sight,
Wouldst thou remain, or hail the eternal morn?
Christ's glory and Christ's presence, each so dear,
Thou canst not choose; thou wouldst be here and there.

BETTER TO DEPART AND BE AT REST.

'TIS better to depart and be with Christ,
Secure with Paul to 'scape the keen red rays
Of shame and scorn and persecution's blaze,
To be where stonings and where strifes are missed,
The Ephesian shout, the brute antagonist,
The lictor's rod, the prison's loathsome days,
The frequent perils of the angry seas.
'Tis better to depart than to resist
E'en unto blood in striving against sin;
Better to wear the wreath than run the race.
The many strive, but they are few who win.
'Tis best assured of victory and peace
To loose the dinted armor from his breast,—
'Tis better to depart and be at rest.

ONLY A LITTLE SPACE.

OH! not to me is heaven a place far off!
I feel the presence of its holy calm;
I breathe the fragrance of its hills of balm,
And, though the desert way is parched and rough,
The glory in the cloud is more than proof
That just beyond it waves the victor's palm,
And that within it breathes the seraph's psalm,
Whose highest notes might strike some echoing bluff,
Touched by the jasper sea so near in sight.
Only a little way my Lord withdrew.
Oh, could I hear it trembling through the light,—
As I have heard the lark from out the blue,—
In dripping strains, as through the riven cloud
That mantles now the risen Son of God.

SO LITTLE DONE.

SO little done and so imperfectly:
And is it true the gracious Lord doth note
The passing act, that like a passing mote
Gleams in the sunbeam as 'tis floating by,
Then drops o'ershadowed where a thousand lie?
I have no words to reach the times remote,
No costly spikenard on the breeze to float,
To breathe for aye the language of a sigh.
And did he see, who dwelleth in the light,
When the lone widow in his temple bowed?
The mites she gave were precious in his sight.
Meekly they dropped; yet they were voiced so loud
The bending angels list'ning heard above,—
And those two mites filled heaven and earth with love.

THE GOSPEL.

HAIL, conquering truth, whose wing of boundless might
Doth compass now the islands of the sea!
Thou art the angel of the milky way,
Who in mid heaven dost hold thy wondrous flight,
And from the summit of that dizzy height—
As the earth rolls beneath with starry ray—
Dost mark the limits of thy future sway,
And trace the path of universal light.
Haste, thou blest angel, haste from mount to mount,
Outspread thy golden wings to every shore;
Till every desert way reveals its fount,
Till truth shall enter every open door,
And the sweet strains of his seraphic voice
In general chorus bid the earth rejoice.

FAITH IN GOD.

THRICE holy, holy, holy Living One,
I trust the eternal word, the voice divine,
The living promise in the written line.
Thy word is stable as thy changeless throne,
My glorious hope, my sure foundation-stone,—
A stone most precious is a word of thine;
Not one least jot or tittle I resign,
I rest on this triumphantly, alone.
O Blessed One, here blossoms all my hope
Of life that is, and life that is to be,
Here it must bloom, or with'ring here must drop
Through shadows dark as thine, Gethsemane!
I trust thy word where mortals have not trod,
Thy living word, thou everlasting God.

GREATER WORKS THAN THESE.

LO, Peter's faith hath mightier works to show
Than seraphs have, nor would the angels dare
To shape their actions to such issues here;
Silent they minister to us below,
He, as his Master, in this world of woe,
Wrapt in the felt Omnipotence of prayer,
Outsheds Christ's radiance round him everywhere:
And greater works than Christ's run to and fro,—
His flaming cloven tongue with fiery ray
Hath wrought the work of ages in an hour,—
Three thousand souls converted in a day
Reveals at once his mission and his power.
Like furnace gold, all purified from dross,
Their molten hearts reflect His lifted cross.

HIDDEN MANNA.

THERE is a sun-lit upland of the soul,
On which to find the manna at the dawn,
And hear the name inscribed in the white stone,
Soft clouds of incense round about it rode,
There perfect love spreads out her stainless scroll;
There are her mercies, numbered one by one,—
Those blood-bought mercies, treasured as her own.
And from her store she lifts a glowing coal,
Christ-like, to lay it on some fallen head
Whose wrongs impartial Justice might requite;
But Love on swifter wings to him doth speed,
Her face all shining in its milder light,—
As when night's dews with moonlight are impearled,
To shed its radiance on an erring world.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

MADE in thine image, in thy likeness Lord,
A stream outflowing from the fount of God,
Upwelling pure like that from which it came.
Since to thine image, here by thee restored,
Love hath its fulness through my being poured,
What though encumbered with this mortal load?
What though the germ seems dark as its abode?
Mine is the living bread, the living word,
Father, this helpless child must take of thee,
His spirit nature must receive of thine,—
In essence one, though diff'ring in degree.
All that thou hast I ask, I claim for mine,
I can, I do believe,—as mind with dust—
Christ's spirit blends with mine in this sweet trust.

INTERCESSION.

AS when the High Priest in the Holy Place,
In vestments pure, with burning incense stood,
And on the mercy-seat the sprinkled blood
All smoking lay, for Israel's guilty race;
Its silent intercession pled for grace
Because the promised sacrifice it showed:
So in the courts of heaven, the Son of God
Speaks by his wounds before Jehovah's face;
His torn hands, his feet, his bleeding side,
They ever plead with more than angel tongue,
His keen distress they shew, the death he died,
The terror of great darkness round him hung:
They shew the atonement that he offered there,
And mutely plead in all-prevailing prayer.

JESUS WEPT.

CHRIST'S tears were like the dew-drops on the rose,
All from on high, with such an heavenly flow,
As only love's pure tears on earth can show ;—
Hot, burning tears that fall for friends and foes,
In which the richest grace of Godhead glows.
Angels might wonder that on earth below
Such precious perils of love were seen to flow ;
Nor could they tell the worth of gifts like those.
The flowing fount of mercy was too full,
As if with gifts of goodness in arrears ;
Methinks a portion of his loving soul
Conveyed itself unseen, in holy tears,—
His heart, lest we his sympathy should doubt,
Like a libation did itself pour out.

LOVE.

HAIL, light divine ! what is thine essence bright ?
Say, whence art thou ? and of what heavenly mould ?
Thou art the star of Eden outward rolled,
And almost lost in distance infinite,
Whom ages waited for through Time's dark night :
Till thou once more, as prophets had foretold,
In the soft radiance that thou didst unfold
Didst gild the horizon's edge on Tabor's height,—
A morning star, the star of Bethlehem.
And now the ages wait. Hail ! higher rise
To thine effulgence, thy meridian beam,
And make this earth once more a paradise.
Star of that day, where ages stop their march,
Fixed in the dome of heaven's eternal arch.

TAKE UP THY CROSS.

TAKE up thy cross, if thou wouldst follow me,
For whom did I my stainless vesture stain?
And crimson all my steps on Judah's plain?
Why sank my fainting feet beneath the tree,
High up the rugged steep of Calvary?
Alone I trod the path of shame and pain,—
Where is thy cross? if thou with me wouldst reign,
Then must thou show what I endured for thee.
They rise, the martyr-host, in burning bands,
Who bore my yoke upon their shoulders bare,—
There righteous Abel, still exulting, stands,
And John and Paul and Stephen,—all are there.
Arise! and reign amid that victor host—
He is the brightest who hath suffered most.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

I SAW the glorious temple of our God;
In due proportions fair, its beauty woke,
Beneath the Builder's hand, without a stroke;
And here and there the silent angels trod,
And laid its courses with the Builder's rod.
But here on earth, 'mid din and furnace smoke,
The quarried stone was smoothed, and the rough oak
Was hewn and polished for the King's abode:
Its noble cedars and its pillars bold
Were felled and wrought in every distant clime;
Its capitals were all inlaid with gold,
With dint of labor and through lapse of time;—
Yet in the mount of God its towers arise
In blissful silence, 'neath serener skies.

THE FRUIT OF FAITH.

LO, Christ was there; his placid countenance
Beamed like a star within the darkness blank,
When the wild billows from his presence shrank,
And stood in mute arrest; as if his glance
Had left them slumbering in a dreamy trance.
Here bold as Peter, but of nobler rank,
Treading the waves in which frail Peter sank,
Faith, fearless in the storm, holds its advance.
Like the centurion gloriously assured,
She takes each promise as a harvest sheaf,
And from it shakes the gold grain matured,
To glad the season of the yellow leaf.
Thus through their circle glide her happy days,
As full of peace and blessing as of praise.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

I SEE full armed, in single conflict fierce,
The Christian warriors o'er the wide-spread field;
The strife of battle rings upon the shield,—
O for the numbers of immortal verse,
Their mighty deeds of valor to rehearse!
Not those shall beat the air whose brows are sealed;
Like Gideon, there the sword of God they wield;
While in vast clouds the gathered universe
Encompass round with heraldries divine,—
A ministering angel multitude,
Above the crimson cross in battle line.
Where Christ his enemies in death subdued,
They gather round on us: from heaven they gaze;
And in our raptured sight their harps they raise.

THE GOSPEL.

THE living gospel still proclaiming peace,
Enthroned with power, in splendors all its own,
Seems like God's angel standing in the sun.
Of sovereign right, it hath the central place;
Heaven's circling splendors beaming in its grace
With such effulgence that it stands alone,—
All other lights, all other rivals gone.
'Tis as the mighty Uriel's dazzling face,
Suffused with all the glories of the day,—
Not the brief day of time which hath an end,
But that great solar cycle, in whose ray
The eternal morn and evening ever blend;
That dawnless morn that evermore shall last,—
The eternal noon that never shall be past.

SMYRNA.

THESE things, saith he, the Eternal, the I AM,
He that was dead and lives forevermore;
"I know thy works, thou art reputed poor;
But thou art rich, and hast a nobler name
Than the proud princes of the earth might claim.
Thy cup of tribulation runneth o'er,
And thou dost hear the angry lions roar;
But fear them not, meek followers of the Lamb.
Should persecution stain the trodden heath
And fill her dungeons in the dreadful strife,—
Only be faithful, even unto death;
Ye then shall find the glorious crown of life;
And in the final, all-deciding hour,
On you the second death shall have no power."

EPHESUS.

THESE things saith he who holds the seven stars
In his right hand, and walks within the glow
Of the pure golden candlestick below;
"I know, O Ephesus, how fair appears
Your patient labour, and the fruit it bears.
When persecution's burning breath doth blow,
Ye do not faint, contending with the foe,
Why fails your love? of all Christ's love the heirs,—
His quenchless love that burns as at the first,
And as at first for evermore shall burn.
Say, when ye knew the living love of Christ,
How could ye be as those who only spurn?
Why have ye left your first love's altar fire,—
The fire of heaven—to languish and expire?"

THE RESURRECTION.

WHAT ails this heaving ground? 'neath omens dark,
The rocking earthquake rends its length and breadth
As if 'twere shattered by the touch of death.
Its graves are thick as those beneath the ark;
Wherever man has trod, death hath his mark,
Enshrined in rocks, or wrapt in glowing heath,
Hid in the ocean's isles or depths beneath.
Hark to that voice! Like an electric spark,
It thrills the earth, and rends it everywhere,
To wake the dead, in masses or alone;
While hosts of spirits hover in the air,
Dust to its dust unites, and bone to bone,
And to the angel's trump in march sublime,
The dead come forth in spite of death and time.

THE FLYING SCROLL.

HAIL, mighty angel! who in heaven's full view
Hold'st thy mid course, as if from pole to pole.
In its own halo shrined, thou bear'st the scroll
That shines for all, that maketh all things new.
O'er sea and mount thou dost thy way pursue,
To ray its splendors on each human soul,
And flood the heavens as the ages roll,
To thrill the heart of nations through and through.
This is the truth that makes the simple wise,
The truth divine that choral angels sung,
That Simeon blest with his rejoicing eyes,
That martyred Stephen lisped with faltering tongue:
That glorious truth, pure as the heaven of blue,
Through which thou dost thy glorious way pursue.

THE MOUNT OF GOD.

THERE is a mount crowned with eternal light;
Its sun stands still upon its peaks of gold,
Like Gibeon's sun which Joshua did behold.
No clouded day, no interval of night
Doth mar its heights, all shadowless and bright.
Its strong munitions stand like Sion's old,
To shield the courts in which its thrones are told;
From thence its glory radiates on our sight,—
A dome of splendor o'er a jasper sea,
Wreathing its peaks, immaculately pure,
As with a veil of changeless majesty.
Lo, there it stands, indissolubly sure!—
The mount of God, within whose fadeless bowers
The saints abide and all the heavenly powers.

THE PROMISED LAND.

STUNNED with the roar of rancorous dispute,
From Korah's company I fain would haste;
Like Caleb, weary of this parchèd waste,
I too would rest this sandaled weary foot.
Ah! I would hear that home-land's silvery lute,—
A wanderer long by desert wilds embraced,
The grapes of Eshcol tempt my longing taste,—
The full ripe clusters of fair Canaan's fruit.
Oh, might I pass the Jordan's narrow stream,
To see the promised land of corn and wine,—
The goodly heights of Lebanon to claim,
My glorious right, by heritage divine!
When shall I rise and stand in Israel's place?
When shall I come and see thee, face to face?

PRAISE.

AWAKE, sweet song! thy rhythmic numbers bring,
Sweep every chord, ring out thy rapturous lays!
Awake, and thrill the marshalled clouds with praise,
As doth the matin bird in early spring,
And like an unseen choral angel sing;
For these are brighter and more blessèd days.
Oh for Isaiah's hand, his harp to seize,
To strike his inspirations from each string,
And give to earth the harmonies of heaven,
To sing the lovingkindness of the Lord,
The promises fulfilled that he hath given.
The song of mortals wakes the golden chord
Struck by the angels, who such themes rehearse
In the glad ear of the whole universe.

JOY.

I HEARD the myriad voices of the spring
In tiny blade, and bud, and op'ning flower;
They sang in concert, with a voice of power,
Till the glad hills their notes were echoing,
And the sweep zephyr spread her fragrant wing
To waft their joy in that reviving hour,
And hymn their thanks for dews or gentle shower.
Thus the whole Church of God for joy doth sing,
Until her anthems wake the angelic lyre;
And then the white-robed saints take up the strain
From the great shout of the angelic choir,
That Christ's sole praise may fill the sweet refrain.
Thus God's great heart its riches doth employ,
And in ten thousand strains pours out its joy.

CHRIST DESCENDING.

THUS shall he come as ye have seen him rise,
And stand alone on the dissolving verge
Of two eternities, whose meeting surge
Shall, with its thunders, shake the dread abyss.
His lofty brow no Judas lips shall kiss;
He bears the sceptre who hath felt the scourge,
None now can change his leprous soul, or purge
The sin-stained scroll that meets Immanuel's eyes.
The avenging judge enrobed in light doth come,
Enthroned in power and dreadful majesty;
His judgment-hall deep echoing words of doom,
Of wrath, and dread, and endless destiny:
But, like the rainbow that for Noah shone,
His radiant eye doth rest upon his own.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

LORD, we are waiting for the harvest-home,
The earth is gleaming like the golden fields;
The south its first-fruits to the harvest yields;
The valleys ripen, and the deserts bloom,
And all the islands of the sea shall come.
The mighty angel, that the harvest shields,
With his right arm the reaper's sickle wields.
Christ doth prepare the place, he maketh room
To garner up the bending sheaves he reaps.
The highway of his coming shall be peace;
The hills flow down beneath his kingly steps,
The vales are filled with truth and righteousness.
Room for his coming, room. Arise, ye dead:
His glorious skirts upon the hills are spread.

THE WANDERER.

I'M heavy laden with this load of sin;
It is increasing, growing day by day,
Like climbing sandheaps on the desert way;
And as the light of hope's faint ray gleams in,
I count a thousand sins before unseen,—
A desert parched beneath sin's scorching ray,
I have no cooling waters to allay
This burning thirst still raging fierce within.
Is there no shadowed fountain near its sands?
Fresh as the waters of that bubbling spring
That Ishmael drank, as from an angel's hand,
Just ere his soul had spread its lifted wing?
Here I am sinking to my hopeless rest,
Mid storms and darkness, on this desert waste.

HEAVENLY PEACE.

THOU art of heaven only, sweet, sweet Peace;
Methinks I see thee in its pastures green
Where the still waters flow the hills between,
Or lightly hovering o'er the sea of glass,—
Thy radiant form all mantled o'er with grace,
And bright with majesty as of a queen.
In simple folds thy snowy robes are seen,
And in thine eye the dews of lowliness.
Soon may'st thou hasten to this troubled earth,
And bring with thee the light of calm content.
Here discord revels, as if strife were mirth,
And her stained garb were worn to be rent.
When will the earth sit still and be at rest,
With all the fruits of peace forever blest?

THE HEAVENLY SABBATH.

FORTH from the seraph's joyous Sabbath-day,
With vesper light adown the heavens serene,
As if from ling'ring on some heavenly scene
Where we might list the heaven's angelic lay,
I catch that halo, whose diviner ray
Sheds its faint light on the dim eyes of men,—
Bring now a vision of the things unseen,—
If but one glimpse to cheer us on our way.
Doth it not here diffuse some softer light
Of that great Sabbath kept within the veil?
These shadows soon shall drop from mortal sight,
And we ourselves within its rays shall dwell.
Sweet foretaste of this Sabbath rest, come down,
And heaven itself this Sabbath calm shall crown.

THOMAS.

STAY, doubting soul, what put thy faith to flight?
Lost in those depths of self-projected dread,
Thy gathered brow grows pale, as if dismayed.
Hath the dark angel, who in death doth smite,
Struck out the sun, and plunged thee into night?
And in those depths where thou alone dost wade,
Are there no stars to gem the ebon shade?
Where are the heralds of the dawn of light?
Are there no stars within the amethyst,
Whose glowing brow the rising morn doth hide?
Behold, the Son of Man, the risen Christ!
Nay, here to thee he shows his pierced side,
Those crimsoned feet your rugged highways trod,
Behold the living Christ, the Son of God!

TIME'S COURSE.

TIME, like the Indus, sinks in its own sand,
And like that ancient stream, with mighty sweep,
Bears all its own memorials to the deep.
Where is the hallowed home of youth unstained,
With prattling lips, so powerful to command?
Doth lone sad Rachel there her vigils keep,
Still bending o'er the waters but to weep?
Our childhood's hopes,—like hers they seemed to stand;
But now they all are scattered far around,
And float like freighted sighs upon the flood,
Sinking through eddies to the depths profound:
No trace is left to show us where they stood.
Swift stream, gleam white beneath the twilight stars,
Blanched like the cheek of age with flowing tears.

GOG AND MAGOG.

I SEE the forces of prophetic time,
Of Gog and Magog o'er the nations spread;
The shores of oceans tremble 'neath their tread.
The crimson front of war in march sublime
Doth sound from every shore, from every clime.
Woe to the living! blessed are the dead!
Now is earth's vintage drooping, ripe and red;
The bells of heaven ring out earth's vesper chime,
And Time's dim shadows deepen as they fall.
The hosts of Magog and the hosts of God
In deadly conflict battle, one and all;
Till our Messiah there shall lift his rod
And point the lightnings of God's vengeful ire,
'Neath which the enemies of truth expire.

DEATH OF TIME.

THE leaden air sank into sullen rest,—
As if 'twere severed from the things that be—
And lost its force elasticity,—
A waveless void—and then with change unblest,
It seemed with gusts of clamorous sounds oppressed,—
The din of distant discord passing by
That rang like thunder through a cloudless sky;
It came from north and south and east and west,
And then 'twas hushed, and the bewildered sight
Saw not familiar objects, but beheld
In heaps confused, all horrors that affright,—
The shades of those in utter darkness sealed,—
The glare of populous cities all ablaze—
Earth's desolations to the end of days.

I HEAR ITS ECHOES.

LIKE Moses, I ascend lone Nebo's height,
Soon from its top to see the goodly land.
My soul's horizon here doth so expand,
Naught intervenes between me and its light;
I seem endued with stronger, clearer sight,
And I am waiting for the viewless hand,
The whispered greeting of yon angel band
Whose voices fill the list'ning ear of night.
And there are visions of the golden plain,
Its fruitful vales, its vineyards, and its vine,
Which, 'neath the dews of Hermon's mount, doth stain
The grapes of Eshcol with its luscious wine.
I hear faint echoes o'er the Jordan's flood,
The voice of harpers round the throne of God.

CHORAL MUSIC.

AS if on earth an angel choir did woo
Their full-tuned harps, such is this minstrelsy,
Its tones descending on us lavishly,
In clusters of sweet sounds at every touch;—
Now softly as the fall of gentle dew,—
Now rolling forth in grandest harmony.
The music answering to each changing key
Glides on aerial wing of every hue;
Till the rapt soul, held captive to the ear,
No more would marvel though the heavens should bend
Such rich orchestral symphonies to hear;
Or that such strains might to the heavens ascend,
Tuned to the cymbals and the golden lyres,
In the full chorus of celestial choirs.

WAITING.

AS when, outside the bar, the prosperous bark
Slips her sheet anchor, waiting for the tide,
And with short cable doth securely ride ;
While evening rustles, and the soaring lark
Flings her wild music on the waters dark ;
Still, peering fitful from the mountain-side,
The shadowy pines home's gleaming turrets hide,
Till the dim, distant roof-tree we can mark :
Thus in the offing patiently I wait,
With Hope's bright streamers flying on before ;
Till heaven's spring-tide o'erflow death's rocky strait,
And float my vessel safely to the shore.
I count a little while life's fleeting hours ;
Come, quickly, come, I wait, ye heavenly powers !

CLOSING SONNET.

GO, precious night-thoughts of the silent past !
I would ye all were beautiful and true ;
Ye came to me like star-rays through the blue,—
Each following ray seemed purer than the last :
If here reflected, ye are overcast,
Yet there ye glisten still to mortal view,
Fair as the light, and purer than the dew,
In words divine, all crystallized and glassed.
I am content to lie 'neath these brown leaves,
Unheard, unseen, lulled by their rustling sound,
And voice each varying tint, that beauty weaves
Through their frail tissues, as they circle round.
Thus shadowed o'er, the muse may softly sing ;
Perchance some wood-nymph doth here fold her wing.